

BELL'S EDITION.
The POETS of GREAT BRITAIN,
COMPLETE FROM
CHAUCER to CHURCHILL.



GAY, VOLUME II.
Triumphant O'er the prostrate Brute he stands
The mighty Bumper trembles in his hands

From Eclogues page 66.

Edwards del.

Printed for John Bell near Exeter Exchange Strand London September 22^d 1777

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THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
JOHN GAY.

INCLUDING HIS
FABLES.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

FROM THE ROYAL QUARTO EDITION OF 1720.

His jocamur, ludimus, amamus, dolemus, querimur, irascimur; describimus
aliquid modo pressius, modo elatius: atque ipsa varietate tentamus effi-
cere, ut alia aliis, quaedam fortasse omnibus placeant. PLIN. EPIST.

Of manners gentle, of affections mild;
In wit a man, simplicity a child;
With native humour temp'ring virtuous rage;
Form'd to delight at once, and lash the age:
Above temptation in a low estate,
And uncorrupted ev'n amongst the great;
A safe companion, and an easy friend;
Unblam'd thro' life, lamented in thy end:---
These are thy honours!

POPE.

VOL II.

LONDON:

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G. CAWTHORN, BRITISH LIBRARY, STRAND.

1797.

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THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
JOHN GAY.
VOL. II.

CONTAINING HIS

EPISTLES,
TALES,
ECLOGUES,

SONGS AND BALLADS,
ELEGIES, AND
MISCELLANIES.

Fatigu'd at last, a calm retreat I chose,
And sooth'd my harass'd mind with sweet repose;
Where fields, and shades, and the refreshing clime
Inspire the sylvan song, and prompt my rhyme.
My Muse shall rove thro' flow'ry meads and plains,
And deck with Rural Sports her native strains,
And the same road ambitiously pursue,
Frequented by the Mantuan swain and you.

RURAL SPORTS. TO POPE.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR, AND UNDER THE DIRECTION OF,
G. CAWTHORN, BRITISH LIBRARY, STRAND.

1798.

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JOHN GAY.

VOL. II.

CONTAINING HIS

POETICAL WORKS, AND
A HISTORY OF THE
POETICAL ART.

THE SECOND VOLUME OF THE
POETICAL WORKS OF
JOHN GAY, ESQ. IN TWO
VOLUMES. THE SECOND
VOLUME CONTAINING HIS
POETICAL WORKS, AND
A HISTORY OF THE
POETICAL ART.

PRINTED FOR J. BARNES, STATIONER,
AND SELLER OF BOOKS, IN
ST. MARK'S LANE, NEAR
ST. MARK'S CHURCH, LONDON.

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EPISTLES.

TO A LADY.

Occasioned by the arrival of her Royal Highness,

MADAM, to all your censures I submit,
And frankly own I should long since have writ :
You told me silence would be thought a crime,
And kindly strove to tease me into rhyme.
No more let trifling themes your Muse employ,
Nor lavish verse to paint a female toy :
No more on plains with rural damsels sport,
But sing the glories of the British court.

By your commands and inclination sway'd,
I call'd th' unwilling Muses to my aid ; 10
Resolv'd to write the noble theme I chose,
And to the Princess thus the poem rose.

Aid me, bright Phœbus ! aid, ye sacred Nine !
Exalt my genius, and my verse refine.
My strains with Carolina's name I grace,
The lovely parent of our royal race.
Breathe soft, ye Winds ! ye Waves ! in silence sleep,
Let prosp'rous breezes wanton o'er the deep,
Swell the white sails, and with the streamers play,
To waft her gently o'er the wat'ry way. 20

Here I to Neptune form'd a pompous pray'r,
To rein the winds and guard the royal fair ;
Bid the blue Tritons sound their twisted shells,
And call the Nereids from their pearly cells,

Thus my warm zeal had drawn the Muse along,
 Yet knew no method to conduct her song;
 I then resolv'd some model to pursue,
 Perus'd French critics, and began anew.
 Long open panegyric drags at best,
 And praise is only praise when well address'd.

Straight Horace for some lucky ode I sought,
 And all along I trac'd him thought by thought:
 This new performance to a friend I show'd;
 For shame! says he; what, imitate an ode!
 I'd rather ballads write, and Grub-street lays,
 Than pillage Cæsar for my patron's praise.
 One common fate all imitators share,
 To save mince-pies, and cap the grocer's ware.
 Vex'd at the charge, I to the flames commit
 Rhymes, similies, Lords' names, and ends of wit; 40
 In blotted stanzas scraps of odes expire,
 And fustian mounts in pyramids of fire.

Ladies! to you I next inscrib'd my lay,
 And writ a letter in familiar way;
 For still impatient till the Princess came,
 You from description wish'd to know the dame.
 Each day my pleasing labour larger grew,
 For still new graces open'd to my view.
 Twelve lines ran on to introduce the theme,
 And then I thus pursu'd the growing scheme:
 Beauty and wit were sure by Nature join'd,
 And charms are emanations of the mind;

The soul, transpiercing thro' the shining frame,
 Forms all the graces of the princely dame :
 Benevolence her conversation guides,
 Smiles on her cheek, and in her eye resides.
 Such harmony upon her tongue is found
 30 As softens English to Italian sound;
 Yet in those sounds such sentiments appear
 As charm the judgment, while they sooth the ear. 60
 Religion's cheerful flame her bosom warms,
 Calms all her hours, and brightens all her charms.
 Henceforth, ye Fair! at chapel mind your pray'rs,
 Nor catch your lovers' eyes with artful airs :
 Restrain your looks, kneel more, and whisper less,
 Nor most devoutly criticise on dress.
 From her form all your characters of life,
 wit; 40 The tender mother, and the faithful wife.
 Oft' have I seen her little infant train,
 The lovely promise of a future reign ; 70
 Observ'd with pleasure ev'ry dawning grace,
 And all the mother op'ning in their face :
 The son shall add new honours to the line,
 And early with paternal virtues shine.
 When he the tale of Audenard repeats,
 His little heart with emulation beats ;
 With conquests yet to come his bosom glows,
 50 He dreams of triumphs and of vanquish'd foes.
 Each ear with arts shall store his rip'ning brain,
 And from his grandsire he shall learn to reign. 80

Thus far I'ad gone : propitious rising gales
 Now bid the sailor hoist the swelling sails.
 Fair Carolina lands ; the cannons roar,
 White Albion's cliffs resound from shore to shore.
 Behold the bright original appear ;
 All praise is faint when Carolina's near.
 Thus to the nation's joy, but poet's cost,
 The Princess came, and my new plan was lost.

Since all my schemes were baulk'd, my last resort,
 I left the Muses to frequent the court : 90
 Pensive each night, from room to room I walk'd,
 To one I bow'd, and with another talk'd ;
 Inquir'd what news, or such a lady's name,
 And did the next day and the next the same.
 Places, I found, were daily giv'n away,
 And yet no friendly Gazette mention'd Gay.
 I ask'd a friend what method to pursue ;
 He cry'd, I want a place as well as you.
 Another ask'd me, why I had not writ ?
 A poet owes his fortune to his wit. 100
 Straight I reply'd, With what a courtly grace
 Flows easy verse from him that has a place !
 Had Virgil ne'er at court improv'd his strains,
 He still had sung of flocks and homely swains ;
 And had not Horace sweet preferment found,
 The Roman lyre had never learn'd to sound.
 Once ladies fair in homely guise I sung,
 And with their names wild woods and mountains rung.

Oh! teach me now to strike a softer strain:
The court refines the language of the plain. 110

You must, cries one, the ministry rehearse,
And with each patriot's name prolong your verse.
But sure this truth to poets should be known,
That praising all alike is praising none.

Another told me, if I wish'd success,
To some distinguish'd lord I must address;
One whose high virtues speak his noble blood,
One always zealous for his country's good;
Where valour and strong eloquence unite,
In council cautious, resolute in fight; 126
Whose gen'rous temper prompts him to defend,
And patronize the man that wants a friend.

You have, 'tis true, the noble patron shown,
But I, alas! am to Argyle unknown.

Still ev'ry one I met in this agreed,
That writing was my method to succeed;
But now preferments so possess'd my brain,
That scarce I could produce a single strain:
Indeed I sometimes hammer'd out a line,
Without connexion, as without design. 130

One morn upon the Princess this I writ:
An epigram that boasts more truth than wit.

"The pomp of titles easy faith might shake,
She scorn'd an empire for religion's sake:
For this, on earth the British crown is given,
And an immortal crown decreed in heaven."

Again, while George's virtues rais'd my thought,
The following lines prophetic Fancy wrought :

“ Methinks I see some bard, whose heav'nly rage
Shall rise in song, and warm a future age ; 143
Look back thro' time, and, rapt in wonder, trace
The glorious series of the Brunswick race.

From the first George these godlike kings descend,
A line which only with the world shall end.
The next a gen'rous prince renown'd in arms,
And bless'd, long bless'd, in Carolina's charms ;
From these the rest. 'Tis thus secure in peace
We plough the fields, and reap the year's increase :
Now Commerce, wealthy goddess, rears her head,
And bids Britannia's fleets their canvas spread ; 153
Unnumber'd ships the peopled ocean hide,
And wealth returns with each revolving tide.”

Here paus'd the sullen Muse ; in haste I dress'd,
And thro' the crowd of needy courtiers press'd :
Tho' unsuccessful, happy whilst I see
Those eyes that glad a nation shine on me. 156

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
THE EARL OF BURLINGTON.

A Journey to Exeter.

WHILE you, my Lord, bid stately piles ascend,
Or in your Chiswick bow'rs enjoy your friend,
Where Pope unloads the boughs within his reach,
The purple vine, blue plum, and blushing peach,

I journey far---You knew fat bards might tire,
And, mounted, sent me forth your trusty Squire.

'Twas on the day that City dames repair
To take their weekly dose of Hide-Park air,
When forth we trot; no carts the road infest,
For still on Sundays country horses rest. 10

Thy gardens, Kensington! we leave unseen,
Thro' Hammersmith jog on to Turnham-green;
That Turnham-green which dainty pigeons fed,
But feeds no more; for Solomon * is dead.

Three dusty miles reach Brentford's tedious town,
For dirty streets and white-legg'd chickens known;

Thence o'er wide shrubby heaths and furrow'd lanes
We come, where Thames divides the meads of Staines. 15

We ferry'd o'er; for late the winter's flood
Shook her frail bridge, and tore her piles of wood. 20

Prepar'd for war, now Bagshot-Heath we cross,
Where broken gamesters oft' repair their loss.

At Hartley-Row the foaming bit we prest,
While the fat landlord welcom'd ev'ry guest. 156

Supper was ended, healths the glasses crown'd,
Our host extoll'd his wine at ev'ry round,

Relates the Justices' late meeting there,
How many bottles drank, and what their cheer;

What lords had been his guests in days of yore,
And prais'd their wisdom much, their drinking more.

Let travellers the morning vigils keep;
The morning rose, but we lay fast asleep.

* A man lately famous for feeding pigeons at Turnham-green.

Twelve tedious miles we bore the sultry sun,
 And Popham-Lane was scarce in sight by one :
 The straggling village harbour'd thieves of old ;
 'Twas here the stage-coach'd lass resign'd her gold,
 That gold which had in London purchas'd gowns,
 And sent her home a Belle to country towns.
 But robbers haunt no more the neighb'ring wood ;
 Here unown'd infants find their daily food ;
 For should the maiden-mother nurse her son,
 'Twould spoil her match when her good name is gone.
 Our jolly hostess nineteen children bore,
 Nor fail'd her breast to suckle nineteen more.
 Be just, ye Prudes ! wipe off the long arrear ;
 Be virgins still in Town, but mothers here.

Sutton we pass, and leave her spacious down,
 And with the setting sun reach Stockbridge town.
 O'er our parch'd tongue the rich metheglin glides,
 And the red dainty trout our knife divides.
 Sad melancholy ev'ry visage wears ;
 What, no election come in sev'n long years !
 Of all our race of mayors, shall Snow alone
 Be by Sir Richard's * dedication known ?
 Our streets no more with tides of ale shall float,
 Nor cobblers feast three years upon one vote.

Next morn, twelve miles led o'er th' unbounded plain
 Where the cloak'd shepherd guides his fleecy train :

* Sir Richard Steele, Member for Stockbridge, wrote a treatise, called *The Importance of Dunkirk considered*, and dedicated it to Mr. John Snow, Bailiff of Stockbridge.

No leafy bow'rs a noon-day shelter lend,
 Nor from the chilly dews at night defend: 60
 With wond'rous art he counts the straggling flock,
 And by the sun informs you what's o'clock.
 How are our shepherds fall'n from ancient days!
 No Amaryllis chaunts alternate lays;
 From her no list'ning echoes learn to sing,
 Nor with his reed the jocund vallies ring.

Here sheep the pasture hide, there harvests bend;
 See Sarum's steeple o'er yon' hill ascend,
 Our horses faintly trot beneath the heat,
 And our keen stomachs know the hour to eat. 70
 Who can forsake thy walls, and not admire
 The proud cathedral and the lofty spire?
 What sempstress has not prov'd thy scissors good?
 From hence first came th' intriguing ridinghood.
 Amid three boarding-schools* well stock'd with misses,
 Shall three knights-errant starve for want of kisses?

O'er the green turf the miles slide swift away,
 And Blandford ends the labours of the day.
 The morning rose; the supper reck'ning paid,
 And our due fees discharg'd to man and maid; 80
 The ready hostler near the stirrup stands,
 And, as we mount, our halfpence load his hands.

Now the steep hill fair Dorchester o'erlooks,
 Border'd by meads, and wash'd by silver brooks.

* There are three boarding-schools in this town.

Here sleep my two companions' eyes supprest,
And propt in elbowchairs they snoring rest:
I weary sit, and with my pencil trace
Their painful posture, and their eyeless face;
Then dedicate each glass to some fair name,
And on the sash, the diamond scrawls my flame. 90
Now o'er true Roman way our horses sound,
Grævius would kneel and kiss the sacred ground.
On either side low fertile vallies lie,
The distant prospects tire the travelling eye.
Thro' Bridport's stony lanes our rout we take,
And the proud steep descend to Marcombe's lake.
As hearses pass'd, our landlord robb'd the pall,
And with the mournful scutcheon hung his hall.
On unadulterate wine we here regale,
And strip the lobster of his scarlet mail. 100
We climb'd the hills when starry night arose,
And Axminster affords a kind repose.
The maid, subdu'd by fees, her trunk unlocks,
And gives the cleanly aid of dowlas smocks.
Mean-time our shirts her busy fingers rub,
While the soap lathers o'er the foaming tub.
If women's geer such pleasing dreams incite,
Lend us your smocks, ye Damsels! ev'ry night.
We rise; our beards demand the barber's art;
A female enters, and performs the part: 110
The weighty golden chain adorns her neck,
And three gold rings her skilful hand bedeck:

Smooth o'er our chin her easy fingers move,
Soft as when Venus strok'd the beard of Jove.

Now from the steep, 'mid scatter'd cots and groves,
Our eye thro' Honiton's fair valey roves;
Behind us soon the busy town we leave,
Where finest lace industrious lasses weave.
Now swelling clouds roll'd on; the rainy load
Stream'd down our hats, and smok'd along the road;
When (O blest sight!) a friendly sign we spy'd, 121
Our spurs are slacken'd from the horses' side;
For sure a civil host the house commands,
Upon whose sign this courteous motto stands,
" This is the ancient Hand, and eke the Pen;
" Here is for horses hay, and meat for men."
How rhyme would flourish, did each son of Fame
Know his own genius, and direct his flame!
Then he that could not epic flights rehearse,
Might sweetly mourn in elegiac verse. 130
But were his Muse for elegy unfit,
Perhaps a distich might not strain his wit:
If epigram offend, his harmless lines
Might in gold letters swing on alehouse signs:
Then Hobbinol might propagate his bays,
And Tuttlefields record his simple lays;
Where rhymes like these might lure the nurses' eyes,
While gaping infants squall for farthing pies!
Treat here, ye Shepherds blithe! your damsels sweet,
For pies and cheesecakes are for damsels meet. 140

Gay.]

B ij

Then Maurus in his proper sphere might shine,
 And these proud numbers grace great William's sign;
 " This is the man, this the Nassovian, * whom
 " I nam'd the brave Deliverer to come."
 But now the driving gales suspend the rain,
 We mount our steeds, and Devon's city gain.
 Hail, happy Native Land!---but I forbear
 What other counties must with envy hear.

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TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
 WILLIAM PULTENEY, ESQ.

PULT'NEY! methinks you blame my breach of word;
 What, cannot Paris one poor page afford:
 Yes, I can sagely, when the times are past,
 Laugh at those follies which I strove to taste,
 And each amusement, which we shar'd, review,
 Pleas'd with mere talking, since I talk to you.
 But how shall I describe, in humble prose,
 Their balls, assemblies, operas, and beaus?
 In prose! you cry: oh! no; the Muse must aid,
 And leave Parnassus for the Tuilleries shade. 10
 Shall he (who late Britannia's city trod,
 And led the draggled Muse, with pattens shod,
 Thro' dirty lanes' and alleys' doubtful ways)
 Refuse to write, when Paris asks his lays?
 Well, then, I'll try. Descend, ye beauteous Nine!
 In all the colours of the rainbow shine;

* Blackmore's *Prince Arthur*, Book V.

Let sparkling stars your neck and ear adorn,
 Lay on the blushes of the crimson morn,
 So may ye balls and gay assemblies grace,
 And at the op'ra claim the foremost place. 20

Trav'lers should ever fit expression chuse,
 Nor with low phrase the lofty theme abuse.
 When they describe the state of eastern lords,
 Pomp and magnificence should swell their words;
 And when they paint the serpent's scaly pride,
 Their lines should kiss, their numbers smoothly slide:
 But they, unmindful of poetic rules,
 Describe alike Mockaws and great Moguls.
 Dampier would thus, without ill-meaning satire,
 Dress forth, in simple style, the petit-maitre. 30

" In Paris there 's a race of animals,
 " (I've seen them at their operas and balls)
 " They stand erect, they dance whene'er they walk,
 " Monkeys in action, perroquets in talk;
 " They 're crown'd with feathers, like the cockatoo,
 " And, like camelions, daily change their hue:
 10 " From patches justly plac'd they borrow graces,
 " And with vermilion lacker o'er their faces.
 " This custom, as we visibly discern,
 " They by frequenting ladies' toilets learn." 40
 Thus might the trav'ler easy truth impart;
 Into the subject let me nobly start.

How happy lives the man, how sure to charm,
 Whose knot embroider'd flutters down his arm!

On him the ladies cast the yielding glance,
 Sigh in his songs, and languish in his dance;
 While wretched is the wit, contemn'd, forlorn,
 Whose gummy hat no scarlet plumes adorn;
 No broider'd flow'rs his worsted ankle grace,
 Nor cane emboss'd with gold directs his pace;
 No lady's favour on his sword is hung:
 What tho' Apollo dictate from his tongue?
 His wit is spiritless and void of grace,
 Who wants th' assurance of brocade and lace.
 While the gay fop genteely talks of weather,
 The fair in raptures dote upon his feather;
 Like a court-lady tho' he write and spell,
 His minuet step was fashion'd by Marcell: *
 He dresses, fences. What avails to know?
 For women chuse their men, like silks, for show. 6
 Is this the thing, you cry, that Paris boasts?
 Is this the thing renown'd among our toasts?
 For such a flutt'ring sight we need not roam;
 Our own assemblies shine with these at home.

Let us into the field of beauty start;
 Beauty's a theme that ever warm'd my heart.
 Think not, ye Fair! that I the sex accuse:
 How shall I spare you, prompted by the Muse?
 (The Muses all are prudes) she rails, she frets,
 Amidst the sprightly nation of coquettes;
 Yet let not us their loose coquetry blame;
 Women of ev'ry nation are the same.

* A famous dancing-master.

You ask me if Parisian dames, like ours,
 With rattling dice profane the Sunday's hours?
 If they the gamester's pale-ey'd vigils keep,
 And stake their honour while their husbands sleep?
 Yes, Sir; like English toasts, the dames of France
 Will risk their income on a single chance.
 Nannette last night a tricking Pharaon play'd,
 The cards the taillier's sliding hand obey'd; 80
 To-day her neck no brilliant circle wears,
 Nor the ray-darting pendant loads her ears.
 Why does old Chloris an assembly hold?
 Chloris each night divides the sharper's gold.
 Corrina's cheek with frequent losses burns,
 And no bold *trente la va* her fortune turns.
 Ah! too rash virgin! where's thy virtue flown?
 She pawns her person for the sharper's loan.
 Yet who with justice can the fair upbraid,
 Whose debts of honour are so duly paid? 90
 But let me not forget the toilet's cares,
 Where art each morn the languid cheek repairs:
 This red's too pale, nor gives a distant grace;
 Madame to-day puts on her opera face:
 From this we scarce extract the milk-maid's bloom,
 Bring the deep dye that warms across the room.
 Nor flames her cheek, so strong her charms prevail,
 That on her gown the silken rose looks pale!
 Not but that France some native beauty boasts,
 Clermont and Charolois might grace our toasts. 100

When the sweet-breathing spring unfolds the buds,
 Love flies the dusty town for shady woods.
 Then Tottenham fields with roving beauty swarm,
 And Hampstead balls the City virgins warm;
 Then Chelsea's meads o'erhear perfidious vows,
 And the prest grass defrauds the grazing cows.
 'Tis here the same, but in a higher sphere;
 For ev'n court ladies sin in open air.
 What cit with a gallant would trust his spouse
 Beneath the tempting shade of Greenwich boughs?
 What Peer of France would let his Duchess rove, III
 Where Boulonge's closest woods invite to love?
 But here no wife can blast her husband's fame;
 Cuckold is grown an honourable name.
 Stretch'd on the grass the shepherd sighs his pain,
 And on the grass what shepherd sighs in vain?
 On Chloe's lap here Damon laid along,
 Melts with the languish of her am'rous song:
 There Iris flies Palæmon thro' the glade,
 Nor trips by chance---till in the thickest shade: 120
 Here Celimene defends her lips and breast,
 For kisses are by struggling closer prest:
 Alexis there with eager flame grows bold,
 Nor can the nymph his wanton fingers hold.
 Be wise, Alexis! what, so near the road!
 Hark, a coach rolls, and husbands are abroad!
 Such were our pleasures in the days of yore,
 When am'rous Charles Britannia's sceptre bore;

The nightly scene of joy the Park was made,
 And Love in couples peopel'd every shade ; 130
 But since at court the rural taste is lost,
 What mighty sums have velvet couches cost !

Sometimes the Tuilleries's gawdy walk I love,
 Where I thro' crowds of rustling manteaus rove.
 As here from side to side my eyes I cast,
 And gaz'd on all the glitt'ring train that past,
 Sudden a fop steps forth before the rest,
 I knew the bold embroid'ry of his vest.

He thus acosts me with familiar air,
Parbleu ! on a fait cet habit en Angleterre ! 140

*Quelle manche ! ce galon est grossierement range ;
 Voila quelque chose de fort beau et degage !*

This said, on his red heel he turns, and then
 Hums a soft minuet, and proceeds agen.

" Well, now you've Paris seen, you'll frankly own

" Your boasted London seems a country town :

" Has Christianity yet reach'd your nation ?

" Are churches built ? are masquerades in fashion ?

" Do daily soups your dinners introduce ?

" Are music, snuff, and coaches, yet in use ?" 150

Pardon me, Sir ; we know the Paris mode,

And gather politesse from courts abroad.

Like you, our courtiers keep a num'rous train

To load their coach, and tradesmen dun in vain.

Nor has religion left us in the lurch,

And, as in France, our vulgar crowd the church :

Our ladies, too, support the masquerade ;
The sex, by nature, love th' intriguing trade.
Straight the vain fop in ign'rant rapture cries,
" Paris the barb'rous world will civilize !"
Pray, Sir, point out among the passing band
The present beauties who the Town command.
" See yonder dame; strict virtue chills her breast,
" Mark in her eye demure the prude profest ;
" That frozen bosom native fire must want
" Which boasts of constancy to one gallant !
" This next the spoils of fifty lovers wears,
" Rich Dandin's brilliant favours grace her ears ;
" The necklace Florio's gen'rous flame bestow'd,
" Clitander's sparkling gems her finger load ;
" But now her charms grown cheap by constant use
" She sins for scarfs, clock'd stockings, knots, and
" This next, with sober gait and serious leer, [shoes
" Wearies her knees with morn and ev'ning pray'r;
" She scorns th' ignoble love of feeble pages,
" But with three abbots in one night engages.
" This with the cardinal her nights employs,
" Where holy sinews consecrate her joys.
" Why have I promis'd things beyond my pow'r ?
" Five assignations wait me at this hour :
" The sprightly countess first my visit claims,
" To-morrow shall indulge inferior dames.
" Pardon me, Sir, that thus I take my leave,
" Gay Florimella slily twitch'd my sleeve."

Adieu, Monsieur---The op'ra hour draws near.

Not see the op'ra! all the world is there;

Where on the stage th' embroider'd youth of France

16 In bright array attract the female glance:

This languishes, this struts, to show his mien,

And not a gold-clock'd stocking moves unseen. 190

But, hark! the full orchestra strike the strings;

The hero struts, and the whole audience sings.

My jarring ear harsh grating murmurs wound,

Hoarse and confus'd, like Babel's mingled sound.

Hard chance had plac'd me near a noisy throat,

That in rough quavers bellow'd ev'ry note.

Pray, Sir, says I, suspend a while your song,

The op'ra's drown'd; your lungs are wondrous strong:

17 I wish to hear your Roland's ranting strain,

While he with rooted forests strows the plain, 200

Sudden he shruggs surprise, and answers quick,

[shoes] *Monsieur apparemment n' aime pas la musique.*

prayer; Then turning round, he join'd th' ungrateful noise,

And the loud chorus thunder'd with his voice.

O sooth me with some soft Italian air,

Let harmony compose my tortur'd ear!

When Anastasia's voice commands the strain,

The melting warble thrills thro' ev'ry vein;

Thought stands suspense, and Silence pleas'd attends,

While in her notes the heav'nly choir descends. 210

But you'll imagine I'm a Frenchman grown,

Plas'd and content with nothing but my own;

So strongly with this prejudice possess,
He thinks French music and French painting best.
Mention the force of learn'd Corelli's notes,
Some scraping fidler of their ball he quotes:
Talk of the spirit Raphael's pencil gives,
Yet warm with life whose speaking picture lives;
Yes, Sir, says he, in colour and design,
Rigaut and Raphael are extremely fine! 22

'Tis true, his country's love transports his breast
With warmer zeal than your old Greeks profess.
Ulysses lov'd his Ithaca of yote,
Yet that sage trav'ler left his native shore.
What stronger virtue in the Frenchman shines?
He to dear Paris all his life confines.
I'm not so fond. There are, I must confess,
Things which might make me love my country less.
I should not think my Britain had such charms,
If lost to learning, if enslav'd by arms. 23
France has her Richlieus and her Colberts known,
And then, I grant it, France in science shone.
We, too, I own, without such aids may chance
In ignorance and pride to rival France.

But let me not forget Corneille, Racine,
Boileau's strong sense, and Moliere's num'rous scene
Let Cambray's name be sung above the rest,
Whose maxims, Pult'ney! warm thy patriot breast
In Mentor's precepts wisdom strong and clear
Dictates sublime, and distant nations hear. 24

Hear, all ye Princes! who the world control,
 What cares, what terrors, haunt the tyrant's soul;
 His constant train are anger, fear, distrust.

To be a king is to be good and just;
 His people he protects, their rights he saves,
 And scorns to rule a wretched race of slaves.

Happy, thrice happy, shall the monarch reign,

Where guardian laws despotic pow'r restrain!

There shall the ploughshare break the stubborn land,
 And bending harvest tire the peasant's hand: 250

There Liberty her settl'd mansion boasts,
 There commerce plenty brings from foreign coasts.

O Britain! guard thy laws, thy rights defend,
 So shall these blessings to thy sons descend!

You'll think 'tis time some other theme to chuse,
 And not with beaux and fops fatigue the Muse.

Should I let satire loose on English ground,

There fols of various character abound;

But here my verse is to one race confin'd,

All Frenchmen are of petit-maitre kind. 260

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

PAUL METHUEN, ESQ.

THAT 'tis encouragement makes science spread,

Is rarely practis'd, tho' 'tis often said.

When learning droops and sickens in the land,

What patron's found to lend a saving hand?

Volume II.

C

True gen'rous spirits prosp'rous vice detest,
And love to cherish virtue when distrest;
But ere our mighty lords this scheme pursue,
Our mighty lords must think and act like you.

Why must we climb the Alpine mountains' sides,
To find the seat where harmony resides? 10
Why touch we not so soft the silver lute,
The cheerful hautboy, and the mellow flute?
'Tis not the Italian clime improves the sound,
But there the patrons of her sons are found.

Why flourish'd verse in great Augustus' reign?
He and Mecænas lov'd the Muse's strain.
But now that wight in poverty must mourn
Who was (O cruel stars) a poet born.
Yet there are ways for authors to be great;
Write ranc'rous libels to reform the state: 20
Or if you chuse more sure and ready ways,
Spatter a minister with fulsome praise:
Launch out with freedom, flatter him enough;
Fear not, all men are dedication-proof.
Be bolder yet, you must go farther still,
Dip deep in gall thy mercenary quill.
He who his pen in party quarrels draws,
Lists an hir'd bravo to support the cause;
He must indulge his patron's hate and spleen,
And stab the fame of those he ne'er has seen. 30
Why then should authors mourn their desp'rate case?
Be brave, do this, and then demand a place.

Why art thou poor? exert the gifts to rise,
And banish tim'rous virtue from thy eyes.

All this seems modern preface, where we're told
That wit is prais'd, but hungry lives and cold.

Against th' ungrateful age these authors roar,
And fancy learning starves because they're poor.

Yet why should learning hope success at court?

Why should our patriots virtue's cause support? 40

Why to true merit should they have regard?

They know that virtue is its own reward.

Yet let not me of grievances complain.

Who (tho' the meanest of the Muses' train)

Can boast subscriptions to my humble lays,

And mingle profit with my little praise.

Ask Painting why she loves Hesperian air;

Go view, she cries, my glorious labours there;

There in rich palaces I reign in state,

And on the temple's lofty domes create. 50

The nobles view my works with knowing eyes,

They love the science, and the painter prize.

Why didst thou Kent! forego thy native land,

To emulate in picture Raphael's hand?

Think'st thou for this to raise thy name at home?

Go back, adorn the palaces of Rome;

There on the walls let thy just labours shine,

And Raphael live again in thy design. 60

Yet stay a while; call all thy genius forth,

For Burlington unbiass'd knows thy worth;

Gray.]

C ij

His judgment in thy master-strokes can trace
Titian's strong fire, and Guido's softer grace :
But, oh ! consider, ere thy works appear,
Canst thou unhurt the tongue of Envy hear ?
Censure will blame, her breath was ever spent
To blast the laurels of the eminent.
While Burlington's proportion'd columns rise,
Does not he stand the gaze of envious eyes ?
Doors, windows, are condemn'd by passing fools,
Who know not that they damn Palladio's rules.
If Chandois with a lib'ral hand bestow,
Censure imputes it all to pomp and show :
When, if the motive right were understood,
His daily pleasure is in doing good.

Had Pope with grovelling numbers fill'd his page,
Dennis had never kindled into rage.

'Tis the sublime that hurts the critic's ease ;
Write nonsense, and he reads and sleeps in peace.
Were Prior, Congreve, Swift, and Pope unknown,
Poor slander-selling Curll would be undone.
He who would free from malice pass his days,
Must live obscure, and never merit praise :
But let this tale to valliant Virtue tell
The daily perils of deserving well.

A crow was strutting o'er the stubbled plain,
Just as a lark descending clos'd his strain :
The crow bespoke him thus with solemn grace ;
Thou most accomplish'd of the feather'd race !

What force of lungs! how clear! how sweet you sing!
 And no bird soars upon a stronger wing. 90
 The lark, who scorn'd soft flatt'ry, thus replies;
 True, I sing sweet, and on strong pinion rise;
 Yet let me pass my life from envy free,
 For what advantage are these gifts to me?
 My song confines me to the wiry cage;
 My flight provokes the falcon's fatal rage:
 But as you pass, I hear the fowlers say,
 To shoot at crows is powder flung away. 98

TO HER GRACE

HENRIETTA DUCHESS OF MARLBRO'.

page, EXCUSE me, Madam, if amidst your tears
 A Muse intrudes, a Muse who feels your cares:
 Numbers, like music, can ev'n grief control,
 And lull to peace the tumults of the soul.
 If partners in our woes the mind relieve,
 Consider for your loss ten thousands grieve;
 Th' affliction burdens not your heart alone;
 When Marlbro' dy'd, a nation gave a groan.
 Could I recite the dang'rous toils he chose,
 To bless his country with a fixt repose: 10
 Could I recount the labours he o'ercame
 To raise his country to the pitch of fame;
 His councils, sieges, his victorious fights,
 To save his country's laws and native rights,

No father (ev'ry gen'rous heart must own)
Has stronger fondness to his darling shown :
Britannia's sighs a double loss deplore,
Her father and her hero is no more.

Does Britannia only pay her debt of tears ?
Yes ; Holland sighs, and for her freedom fears.
When Gallia's monarch pour'd his wasteful bands,
Like a wild deluge, o'er her level lands,
She saw her frontier tow'rs in ruin lie,
Ev'n Liberty had prun'd her wings to fly ;
Then Marlbro' came ! defeated Gallia fled,
And shatter'd Belgia rais'd her languid head,
In him secure, as in her strongest mound,
That keeps the raging sea within its bound.

O Germany ! remember Hockstet's plain,
Where prostrate Gallia bled at ev'ry vein ;
Think on the rescue of th' imperial throne,
Then think on Marlbro's death without a groan !

Apollo kindly whispers me, " Be wise ;
" How to his glory shall thy numbers rise ?
" The force of verse another theme might raise,
" But here the merit must transcend the praise.
" Hast thou, presumptuous Bard ! that godlike flame
" Which with the sun shall last, and Marlbro's fame ?
" Then sing the man ; but who can boast his fire ?
" Resign the task, and silently admire."

Yet shall he not in worthy lays be read ?
Raise Homer, call up Virgil from the dead.

But he requires not the strong glare of verse,
 Let punctual History his deeds rehearse ;
 Let truth in native purity appear,
 You 'll find Achilles and Æneas there.

Is this the comfort which the Muse bestows ?

I but indulge and aggravate your woes.
 A prudent friend who seeks to give relief
 Ne'er touches on the spring that mov'd the grief. 50
 Is it not barb'rous, to the sighing maid
 To mention broken vows, and nymphs betray'd ?
 Would you the ruin'd merchant's soul appease
 With talk of sands, and rocks, and stormy seas ?
 Ev'n while I strive on Marlbro' fame to rise,
 I call up sorrow in a daughter's eyes.

Think on the laurels that his temples shade,
 Laurels that (spite of time) shall never fade ;
 Immortal Honour has enroll'd his name,
 Detraction's dumb, and Envy put to shame. 60
 Say who can soar beyond his eagle flight ?
 Has he not reach'd to glory's utmost height ?
 What could he more had Heav'n prolong'd his date ?
 All human pow'r is limited by Fate.

Forbear ; 'tis cruel further to commend ;
 I wake your sorrow, and again offend :
 Yet sure your goodness must forgive a crime
 Which will be spread thro' ev'ry age and clime.
 Tho' in your life ten thousand summers roll,
 And tho' you compass earth from pole to pole, 70

Where'er men talk of war and martial fame,
They 'll mention Marlborough's and Cæsar's name.

But vain are all the counsels of the Muse;
A soul like your's could not a tear refuse:
Could you your birth and filial love forego,
Still sighs must rise and gen'rous sorrow flow;
For when from earth such matchless worth removes,
A great mind suffers. Virtue virtue loves. 78

TO MY INGENIOUS AND WORTHY FRIEND
WILLIAM LOWNDS, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF THAT CELEBRATED

Treatise in folio called the Land-tax Bill.

WHEN poets print their work, the scribbling crew
Stick the bard o'er with lays, like Christmas pew.
Can meagre poetry such fame deserve?
Can poetry, that only writes to starve?
And shall no laurel deck that famous head,
In which the Senate's annual law is bred?
'That hoary head, which greater glory fires,
By nobler ways and means true fame acquires?
O had I Virgil's force, to sing the man
Whose learned lines can millions raise *per ann.*
Great Lownds his praise should swell the trump of
And Rapes and Wapentakes resound his name. [Fame,
If the blind poet gain'd a long renown
By singing ev'ry Grecian chief and town,

Sure Lownds his prose much greater fame requires,
Which sweetly counts five thousand knights and
squires,

Their seats, their cities, parishes, and shires.

Thy copious preamble so smoothly runs,
Taxes no more appear like legal duns;
Lords, Knights, and Squires, th' assessors' pow'r obey,
We read with pleasure, tho' with pain we pay. 21

Ah! why did C---- thy works defame!
That author's long harangue betrays his name;
After his speeches can his pen succeed?
Tho' forc'd to hear, we're not oblig'd to read.

Under what science shall thy works be read?
All know thou wert not poet born and bred;
Or dost thou boast th' historian's lasting pen,
Whose annals are the Acts of worthy men?
No: satire is thy talent; and each lash 30
Makes the rich miser tremble o'er his cash.
What on the drunkard can be more severe
Than direful taxes on his ale and beer?

Ev'n Button's wits are nought compar'd to thee,
Who ne'er were known or prais'd but o'er his tea,
While thou thro' Britain's distant isle shall spread,
In ev'ry Hundred and Division read.
Critic's in classics oft' interpolate,
But ev'ry word of thine is fix'd as Fate.
Some works come forth at morn, but die at night, 40
In blazing fringers round a tallow light;

Some may, perhaps, to a whole week extend,
Like S---- (when unassisted by a friend)
But thou shalt live a year in spite of Fate;
And where 's your author boasts a longer date?
Poets of old had such a wond'rous pow'r,
That with their verses they could raise a tow'r;
But in thy prose a greater force is found:
What poet ever rais'd ten thousand pound?
Cadmus, by sowing dragons' teeth, we read,
Rais'd a vast army from the pois'nous seed.
Thy labours, Lownds! can greater wonders do,
Thou raisest armies, and canst pay them too.
Truce with thy dreaded pen: thy Annals cease;
Why need we armies when the land 's in peace?
Soldiers are perfect devils in their way,
When once they 're rais'd, they 're cursed hard to lay.

TO A YOUNG LADY,

WITH SOME LAMPREYS.

WITH lovers 'twas of old the fashion
By presents to convey their passion;
No matter what the gift they sent,
The lady saw that love was meant.
Fair Atalanta, as a favour,
Took the boar's head her hero gave her,
Nor could the bristly thing affront her,
'Twas a fit present from a hunter.

When squires send woodcocks to the dame,
 It serves to show their absent flame.
 Some by a snip of woven hair
 In posied lockets bribe the fair.
 How many mercenary matches
 Have sprung from di'mond-rings and watches?
 But hold---a ring, a watch, a locket,
 Would drain at once a poet's pocket :
 He should send songs that cost him nought,
 Nor ev'n be prodigal of thought.
 Why then, send Lampreys. Fye, for shame!
 'Twill set a virgin's blood on flame. 20
 This to fifteen a proper gift !
 It might lend sixty-five a lift.

I know your maiden aunt will scold,
 And think my present somewhat bold :
 I see her lift her hands and eyes ;
 " What, eat it, Niece ! eat Spanish flies !
 " Lamprey's a most immodest diet,
 " You'll neither wake nor sleep in quiet :
 " Should I to-night eat sago-cream,
 " 'Twould make me blush to tell my dream. 30
 " If I eat lobster, 'tis so warming,
 " That ev'ry man I see looks charming.
 " Wherefore had not the filthy fellow
 " Laid Rochester upon your pillow ?
 " I vow and swear I think the present
 " Had been as modest and as decent.

" Who has her virtue in her pow'r?
 " Each day has its unguarded hour:
 " Always in danger of undoing,
 " A prawn, a shrimp, may prove our ruin!
 " The shepherdess, who lives on sallad,
 " To cool her youth controls her palate;
 " Should Dian's maids turn liq'rish livers,
 " And of huge Lampreys rob the rivers,
 " Then all beside each glade and visto,
 " You'd see nymphs lying like Calisto.
 " The man who meant to heat your blood
 " Needs not himself such vicious food."---

In this, I own, your aunt is clear;
 I sent you what I well might spare:
 For when I see you, (without joking)
 Your eyes, lips, breasts, are so provoking,
 They set my heart more cock-a-hoop
 Than could whole seas of craw-fish soup.

TO A LADY,

ON HER PASSION FOR OLD CHINA.

WHAT ecstacies her bosom fire!
 How her eyes languish with desire!
 How blest, how happy should I be,
 Were that fond glance bestow'd on me!
 New doubts and fears within me war:
 What rival's near? a China jar.

China's the passion of her soul ;

A cup, a plate, a dish, a bowl,

Can kindle wishes in her breast,

4. In flame with joy, or break her rest. 10

Some gems collect, some medals prize,

And view their rust with lovers's eyes ;

Some court the stars at midnight hours,

Some dote on Nature's charms in flow'rs !

But ev'ry beauty I can trace

In Laura's mind, in Laura's face ;

My stars are in this brighter sphere ;

My lily and my rose is here.

Philosophers more grave than wise

5. Hunt science down in butterflies ; 20

Or fondly poring on a spider,

Stretch human contemplation wider.

Fossils give joy to Galen's soul,

5. He digs for knowledge like a mole ;

In shells so learn'd, that all agree

No fish that swims knows more than he !

In such pursuits if wisdom lies,

Who, Laura ! shall thy taste despise ?

When I some antique jar behold,

Or white, or blue, or speck'd with gold, 30

Vessels so pure, and so refin'd,

Appear the types of womankind:

Are they not valu'd for their beauty,

Too fair, too fine, for household duty ?

Volume II.

D

With flow'rs, and gold, and azure, dy'd,
Of ev'ry house the grace and pride?
How white, how polish'd, is their skin,
And valued most when only seen!
She who before was highest priz'd
Is for a crack or flaw despis'd.

I grant they're frail, yet they're so rare,
The treasure cannot cost too dear!
But man is made of coarser stuff,
And serves convenience well enough;
He's a strong earthen vessel made,
For drudging, labour, toil, and trade;
And when wives lose their other self,
With ease they bear the loss of Delf.

Husbands, more covetous than sage,
Condemn this China-buying rage;
They count that woman's prudence little,
Who sets her heart on things so brittle.
But are those wise men's inclinations
Fixt on more strong, more sure foundations?
If all that's frail we must despise,
No human view or scheme is wise.
Are not Ambition's hopes as weak?
They swell like bubbles, shine and break.
A courtier's promise is so slight,
'Tis made at noon, and broke at night.
What pleasure's sure? The miss you keep
Breaks both your fortune and your sleep.

The man who loves a country life
 Breaks all the comforts of his wife;
 And if he quit his farm and plough,
 His wife in town may break her vow.
 Love, Laura! love, while youth is warm,
 40 For each new winter breaks a charm;
 And woman's not like China sold,
 But cheaper grows in growing old: 70
 Then quickly chuse the prudent part,
 Or else you break a faithful heart. 72

BOUNCE TO FOP.

An Epistle from a Dog at Twickenbam to a Dog at Court.

To thee, sweet Fop! these lines I send,
 50 Who, tho' no spaniel, am a friend.
 Tho' once my tail, in wanton play,
 Now frisking this, and then that way,
 Chanc'd, with a touch of just the tip,
 To hurt your Lady-lapdog-ship,
 Yet thence to think I'd bite your head off,
 Sure Bounce is one you never read of.

Fop! you can dance, and make a leg,
 Can fetch and carry, cringe and beg; 10
 And (what's the top of all your tricks)
 60 Can stoop to pick up strings and sticks.
 We country Dogs love nobler sport,
 And scorn the pranks of Dogs at court.

Gay.]

D ij

Fye, naughty Fop! where'er you come
 To sh-t and p-ss about the room;
 To lay your head in ev'ry lap,
 And when they think not of you---snap:
 The worst that Envy or that Spite
 E'er said of me is, I can bite;
 That idle gipsies, rogues in rags,
 Who poke at me, can make no brags;
 And that to touse such things as flutter,
 To honest Bounce is bread and butter.

While you and ev'ry courtly fop
 Fawn on the devil for a chop,
 I have the humanity to hate
 A butcher, tho' he brings me meat:
 And let me tell you have a nose,
 (Whatever stinking Fops suppose)
 That under cloth of gold or tissue
 Can smell a plaister or an issue.
 Your pilf'ring lord, with simple pride,
 May wear a picklock at his side;
 My master wants no key of state,
 For Bounce can keep his house and gate.
 When all such Dogs have had their days,
 As*knaveish Pams and fawning Trays;
 When pamper'd Cupids, beastly Venies,
 And motly squinting Harlequinies*

* Alii legunt Harvequinies.

Shall lick no more their lady's br---
 Shall die of looseness, claps, or itch,
 Fair Thames from either echoing shore
 Shall hear and dread my manly roar.

See, Bounce, like Berecynthia, crown'd
 With thund'ring offspring all around,

20 Beneath, beside me, and atop,
 A hundred sons! and not one Fop.

Before my children set your beef,
 Not one true Bounce will be a thief;

50

Not one without permission feed,
 (Tho' some of J---ns hungry breed)

But whatsoe'er the father's race,

From me they suck a little grace:

While your fine whelps learn all to steal,

Bred up by hand on chick and veal.

My eldest born resides not far,

Where shines great Stafford's glitt'ring star;

My second (child of Fortune!) waits

At Burlington's Palladian gates;

60

A third majestically stalks,

(Happiest of Dogs!) in Cobham's walks;

One ushers friends to Bathurst's door,

One fawns at Oxford's on the poor.

Nobles whom arms or arts adorn,

Wait for my infants yet unborn.

None but a Peer of wit and grace

Can hope a puppy of my race.

D iij

And, Oh! would Fate the bliss decree
 To mine, (a bliss too great for me) 70
 That two my tallest sons might grace,
 Attending each with stately pace,
 Iulus' side, as erst Evander's,*
 To keep off flatt'ers, spies, and panders;
 To let no noble slave come near,
 And scare Lord Fannies from his ear;
 Then might a royal youth and true
 Enjoy at least a friend---or two;
 A treasure which of royal kind,
 Few but himself deserve to find; 80
 Then Bounce ('tis all that Bounce can crave)
 Shall wag her tail within the grave. 82

A PANEGYRICAL EPISTLE

TO MR. THOMAS SNOW,

GOLDSMITH, NEAR TEMPLE-BAR.

Occasioned by his buying and selling of the Third Subscriptions, taken in by the Directors of the South-Sea Company, at a thousand per cent.

DISDAIN not, SNOW! my humble verse to hear:
 Stick thy black pen a while behind thy ear.
 Whether thy counter shine with sums untold,
 And thy wide-grasping hand grow black with gold;

* Virg. Æn. 8.

Whether thy mien erect and sable locks,
 In crowds of brokers overawe the stocks;
 Suspend the worldly bus'ness of the day,
 And to enrich thy mind attend my lay.

O Thou! whose penetrative wisdom found
 The South-sea rocks and shelves, where thousands
 drown'd; 10

When credit sunk, and commerce gasping lay,
 Thou stood'st, nor sent'st one bill unpaid away;
 When not a guinea chink'd on Martin's beards,
 And Atwell's self was drain'd of all his hoards,
 Thou stood'st (an Indian king in size and hue)
 Thy unexhausted shop was our Peru.

Why did Change-Alley waste thy precious hours,
 Among the fools who gap'd for golden show'rs?
 No wonder if we found some poets there
 Who live on fancy, and can feed on air; 20
 No wonder they were caught by South-Sea schemes,
 Who ne'er enjoy'd a guinea but in dreams;
 No wonder that their Third Subscriptions sold,
 For millions of imaginary gold;
 No wonder that their fancies wild could frame
 Strange reasons that a thing is still the same, }
 Tho' chang'd throughout in substance and in name.
 But you (whose judgment scorns poetic flights)
 With contracts furnish boys for paper kites.

Let Vulture H---ns stretch his rusty throat, 30
 Who'd ruin thousands for a single groat:

I know thou spurn'st his mean, his sordid mind,
Nor with ideal debts wouldst plague mankind.
Why strive his greedy hands to grasp at more?---
The wretch is born to want, whose soul is poor.

Madmen alone their empty dreams pursue,
And still believe the fleeting vision true:
They sell the treasure which their slumbers get,
Then wake, and fancy all the world in debt.
If to instruct thee all my reasons fail,
Yet be diverted by this moral tale.---

40

Thro' fam'd Moorfields extends a spacious seat,
Where mortals of exalted wit retreat;
Where wrapp'd in contemplation and in straw,
The wiser few from the mad world withdraw:
There in full opulence a banker dwelt,
Who all the joys and pangs of riches felt;
His side-board glitter'd with imagin'd plate,
And his proud fancy held a vast estate.

As on a time he past the vacant hours
In raising piles of straw and twisting bow'rs,
A poet enter'd of the neighb'ring cell,
And with fix'd eyes observ'd the structure well:
A sharpen'd skewer cross his bare shoulders bound
A tatter'd rug, which dragg'd upon the ground.

50

The banker cry'd, " Behold my castle walls,
" My statues, gardens, fountains, and canals,
" With land of twenty thousand acres round!
" All these I sell thee for ten thousand pound."

The bard with wonder the cheap purchase saw, 60
So sign'd the contract (as ordains the law.)

The banker's brain was cool'd; the mist grew clear :
The visionary scene was lost in air.

He now the vanish'd prospect understood
And fear'd the fancy'd bargain was not good :

Yet loath the sum entire should be destroy'd,

" Give me a penny and the contract 's void."

The startl'd bard with eye indignant frown'd ;

" Shall I, ye Gods ! (he cries) my debts compound !"

So saying, from his rug the skewer he takes, 70

And on the stick ten equal notches makes ;

With just resentment flings it on the ground,

" There take my tally of ten thousand pound." 73

ON A MISCELLANY OF POEMS,

TO BERNARD LINTOTT.

Ipse varietate tentamus efficere, ut alia aliis; quaedam fortasse omnibus placeant.

PLIN. EPIST.

As when some skilful cook, to please each guest,
Would in one mixture comprehend a feast,
With due proportion and judicious care
He fills his dish with diff'rent sorts of fare,
Fishes and fowls deliciously unite,
To feast at once the taste, the smell, and sight :

So, Bernard! must a Miscellany be
 Compounded of all kinds of poetry;
 The Muses' olio, which all tastes may fit,
 And treat each reader with his darling wit. 10

Wouldst thou for Miscellanies raise thy fame,
 And bravely rival Jacob's mighty name,
 Let all the Muses in the piece conspire;
 The lyric bard must strike th' harmonious lyre;
 Heroic strains must here and there be found,
 And nervous sense be sung in lofty sound:
 Let elegy in moving numbers flow,
 And fill some pages with melodious woe:
 Let not your am'rous songs too num'rous prove,
 Nor glut thy reader with abundant love: 20
 Satire must interfere, whose pointed rage
 May lash the madness of a vicious age;
 Satire, the Muse that never fails to hit,
 For if there's scandal, to be sure there's wit.
 Tire not our patience with Pindaric lays,
 Those swell the piece, but very seldom please:
 Let short-breath'd Epigram its force confine,
 And strike at follies in a single line:
 Translations should throughout the work be sown,
 And Homer's godlike Muse be made our own: 30
 Horace in useful numbers should be sung,
 And Virgil's thoughts adorn the British tongue:
 Let Ovid tell Corinna's hard disdain,
 And at her door in melting notes complain:

His tender accents pitying virgins move,
 And charm the list'ning ear with tales of love.
 Let ev'ry Classic in the volume shine,
 And each contribute to thy great design:
 Thro' various subjects let the reader range,
 And raise his fancy with a grateful change; 40
 Variety's the source of joy below,
 From whence still fresh-revolving pleasures flow.
 In books and love the mind one end pursues,
 And only change th' expiring flame renews.

Where Buckingham will condescend to give,
 That honour'd piece to distant times must live:
 When noble Sheffield strikes the trembling strings,
 The little loves rejoice, and clap their wings:
 Anacreon lives, they cry; th' harmonious swain
 Re-tunes the lyre, and tries his wonted strain; 50
 Tis he---our lost Anacreon lives again.

But when the illustrious poet soars above
 The sportive revels of the god of love,
 Like Maro's Muse he takes a loftier flight,
 And tow'rs beyond the wond'ring Cupid's sight.

If thou wouldst have thy volume stand the test,
 And of all others be reputed best,
 Let Congreve teach the list'ning groves to mourn,
 As when he wept o'er fair Pastora's urn.

Let Prior's Muse with soft'ning accents move, 60
 Soft as the strains of constant Emma's love;
 Or let his fancy chuse some jovial theme,
 As when he told Hans Carvel's jealous dream:

Prior th' admiring reader entertains
With Chaucer's humour and with Spenser's strains.

Waller in Granville lives : when Mira sings,
With Waller's hand he strikes the sounding strings ;
With sprightly turns his noble genius shines,
And manly sense adorns his easy lines.

On Addison's sweet lays Attention waits, 70
And silence guards the place while he repeats :
His Muse alike on ev'ry subject charms,
Whether she paints the god of Love or Arms :
In him pathetic Ovid sings again,
And Homer's Iliad shines in his Campaign.
Whenever Garth shall raise his sprightly song,
Sense flows in easy numbers from his tongue ;
Great Phœbus in his learned son we see,
Alike in physic as in poetry.

When Pope's harmonious Muse with pleasure roves
Amidst the plains, the murm'ring streams and groves,
Attentive Echo pleas'd to hear his songs,
Thro' the glad shade each warbling note prolongs ;
His various numbers charm our ravish'd ears, }
His steady judgment far outshoots his years,
And early in the youth the god appears.

From these successful bards collect thy strains,
And praise with profit shall reward thy pain :
Then, while calves' leather binding bears the sway,
And sheep-skin to its sleeker gloss gives way ; 90
While neat old Elzevir is reckon'd better
Then Pirate Hill's brown sheets and scurvy letter ;

While print-admirers careful Aldus chuse,
 Before John Morphew, or the weekly news;
 So long shall live thy praise in books of Fame,
 And Tonson yield to Lintott's lofty name. 96

AN ELEGIAC EPISTLE.

TO A FRIEND.*

I.

FRIEND of my youth, shedd'st thou the pitying tear
 O'er the sad relics of my happier days?
 Of nature tender, as of soul sincere,
 Pour'st thou for me the melancholy lays?

II.

Oh! truly said!---the distant landscape bright,
 Whose vivid colours glitter'd on the eye,
 Is faded now, and sunk in shades of night,
 As on some chilly eve the closing flow'rets die.

III.

Yet had I hop'd, when first, in happier times,
 I trod the magic paths where Fancy led, 10
 The Muse to foster in more friendly climes,
 Where never Mis'ry rear'd its hated head.

* Written by Mr. Gay, when he labour'd under a
 dejection of spirits.

Volume II.

E

IV.

How vain the thought!—hope after hope expires!
Friend after friend, joy after joy, is lost;
My dearest wishes feed the fun'ral fires,
And life is purchas'd at too dear a cost.

V.

Yet could my heart the selfish comfort know,
That not alone I murmur and complain,
Well might I find companions in my woe,
All born to grief, the family of Pain!

VI.

Full well, I know in life's uncertain road,
The thorns of mis'ry are profusely sown;
Full well I know in this low vile abode,
Beneath the chast'ning rod what numbers groan.

VII.

Born to a happier state, how many pine
Beneath th' oppressor's pow'r, or feel the smart
Of bitter want, or foreign evils join
To the sad symptoms of a broken heart!

VIII.

How many, fated from their birth to view
Misfortunes growing with their rip'ning years,
The same sad tract, thro' various scenes, pursue,
Still journeying onward thro' a vale of tears.

IX.

To them, alas! what boots the light of heav'n,
While still new mis'ries mark their destin'd way,

Whether to their unhappy lot be giv'n
Death's long sad night, or life's short busy day!

X.

Me not such themes delight:---I more rejoice
When chance some happier, better change I see,
Tho' no such change await my luckless choice,
And mountains rise between my hopes and me. 40

XI.

For why should he who roves the dreary waste
Still joy on ev'ry side to view the gloom?
Or when upon the couch of sickness plac'd,
Well pleas'd survey a hapless neighbour's tomb?

XII.

If e'er a gleam of comfort glads my soul,
If e'er my brow to wonted smiles unbends,
'Tis when the fleeting minutes, as they roll,
Can add one gleam of pleasure to my friends.

XIII.

Ev'n in these shades, the last retreat of grief,
Some transient blessings will that thought bestow; 50
To Melancholy's self yield some relief,
And ease the breast surcharg'd with mortal woe.

XIV.

Long has my bark in rudest tempest toss'd,
Buffeted seas, and stemm'd life's hostile wave;
Suffice it now, in all my wishes cross'd,
To seek a peaceful harbour in the grave.

Gay.]

E ij

XV.

And when that hour shall come, (as come it must)
 Ere many moons their waning horns increase,
 When this frail frame shall mix with kindred dust,
 And all its fond pursuits and troubles cease: 60

XVI.

When those black gates that ever open stand,
 Receive me on th' irremeable shore,
 When life's frail glass has run its latest sand,
 And the dull jest repeated charms no more:

XVII.

Then may my Friend weep o'er the fun'ral hearse,
 Then may his presence gild the awful gloom,
 And his last tribute be some mournful verse,
 To mark the spot that holds my silent tomb---

XVIII.

This---and no more :---the rest let Heav'n provide;
 To which, resign'd, I trust my weal or woe, 70
 Assur'd, howe'er, its justice shall decide,
 To find nought worse than I have left below. 72

TALES.

AN ANSWER TO THE
SOMPNER'S PROLOGUE
OF CHAUCER.

IN IMITATION OF CHAUCER'S STILE.

THE Sompner leudly hath his Prologue told,
And saine on the freers his tale japing and bold,
How that in hell they searchen near and wide,
And ne one freer in all thilke place espyde;
But lo! the devil turn'd his erse about,
And twenty thousand freers wend in and out;
By which in Jeoffry's rhyming it appears,
The devil's belly is the hive of freers.

Now listneth lordings! forthwith ye shall hear,
What happen'd at a house in Lancashire.
A misere that had londs and tenement,
Who raketh from his villaines taxes and rent,
Owned a house which emptye long ystood,
Full deeply sited in a derk'ning wood;
Murm'ring a shallow brook runneth along,
'Mong the round stones it maken doleful song.

Now there spreaden a rumour that everich night
The rooms ihaunted been by many a sprite,

The miller avoucheth, and all there about,
That they full oft' hearen the hellish rout;
Some saine they hear the jingling of chains,
And some hath yheard the psautries straines;
At midnight some the headless horse imeet,
And some espie a corse in a white sheet,
And oother things, faye, elfin, and elfe,
And shapes that fear createn to it selfe.

Now it so hapt, there was not ferre away,
Of grey freers a fair and rich abbaye,
Where liven a freer ycleped Pere Thomas,
Who daſen alone in derke thro' churchyerds pass. 30

This freer would lye in thilke house all night,
In hope he might espyen a dreadful sprite.
He taketh candle, beads, and holy watere,
And legends eke of saintes, and bookes of prayere:
He entereth the room, and locketh round about,
And haspin the door to haspen the goblin out.
The candle hath he put close by the bed,
And in low tone his *Ave Marye* said.

With water now besprinkled hath the floore,
And maken cross on keyhole of the doore. 40
Ne was there not a mouse-hole in thilke place,
But he y-crossed has by God his grace;
He crossed hath this, and eke he crossed that,
With *Benedicite*, and God knows what.

Now he goeth to bed and lieth adown,
When the clock had just stricken the twelfth soun.

Bethinketh him now what the cause had ibeen,
 Why many sprites by mortals have been seen.
 Hem rememb'reth how Dan Plutarch hath ysed
 That Cæsar's sprite came to brute his bed; 50
 Of chains that frighten erst Artemidore,
 The tales of Pline, Valere, and many more.
 Hem thinketh that some murdere here been done,
 And he mought see some bloody ghost anone,
 Or that some orphlines writings here be stor'd,
 Or pot of gold laine deep beneath a board:
 Or thinketh hem, if he might see no sprite,
 The abbaye mought buy this house cheap outright.

As hem thus thinketh, anone asleep he lies,
 Up starten Sathanas with-saucer eyes: 60
 He turn'd the freer upon his face downright,
 Displaying his nether cheeks full broad and white.
 Then quoth Dan Sathanas as he thwack'd him sore,
 Thou didst forget to guard thy postern-door;
 There is an hole which hath not crossed been:
 Farewell, from whence I came I creepen in.

Now plain it is ytellen in my verse,
 If devils in hell bear freers in theirerse,
 On earth the devil in freers doth ydwell; 69
 Were there no freers, the devil mought keep in hell.

WORK FOR A COOPER.

A MAN may lead a happy life
 Without that needful thing a wife;

This long have lusty abbots known,
Who ne'er knew spouses---of their own.

What tho' your house be clean and neat,
With couches, chairs, and beds complete;
Tho' you each day invite a friend,
Tho' he should ev'ry dish commend,
On Bagshot-Heath your mutton fed,
Your fowls at Brentford born and bred;
Tho' purest wine your cellars boast,
Wine worthy of the fairest toast,
Yet there are other things requir'd;
Ring and let's see the maid you hir'd---
Bless me! those hands might hold a broom,
Twirle round a mop, and wash a room.
A bachelor his maid should keep,
Not for that servile use to sweep,
Let her his humour understand,
And turn to ev'ry thing her hand.
Get you a lass that's young and tight,
Whose arms are, like her apron, white;
What tho' her shift be seldom seen?
Let that, tho' coarse, be always clean;
She might each morn your tea attend,
And on your wrist your ruffle mend;
Then if you break a roguish jest,
Or squeeze her hand, or pat her breast,
She cries, Oh dear, Sir, don't be naught!
And blushes speak her last night's fault.

To you her household cares confide,
 Let your keys gingle at her side,
 A footman's blunders tease and fret ye,
 Ev'n while you chide you smile on Betty.
 Discharge him then, if he's too spruce,
 For Betty's for his master's use.

Will you your am'rous fancy baulk,
 For fear some prudish neighbour talk?
 But you'll object, that you're afraid
 Of the pert freedoms of a maid; 40
 Besides your wiser heads will say,
 That she who turns her hand this way,
 From one vice to another drawn,
 Will lodge your silver spoons in pawn.
 Has not the homely wrinkl'd jade
 More need to learn the pilf'ring trade?
 For love all Betty's wants supplies,
 Laces her shoes, her manteau dyes,
 All her stuff suits she flings away,
 And wears thread sattin ev'ry day. 50

Who then a dirty drab would hire,
 Brown as the hearth of kitchen fire?
 When all must own, were Betty put
 To the black duties of the slut,
 As well she scours or scrubs a floor,
 And still is good for something more.

Thus, to avoid the greater vice,
 I knew a priest of conscience nice,

To quell his lust for neighbour's spouse,
Keep Fornication in his house.

60

But you're impatient all this time,
Fret at my counsel, curse my rhyme.
Be satisfy'd: I'll talk no more,

For thus my Tale begins---Of yore

There dwelt at Blois a priest full fair,

With rolling eye and crisped hair,

His chin hung low, his brow was sleek,

Plenty lay basking on his cheek;

Whole days at cloister-grates he sat,

Ogl'd, and talk'd of this and that

70

So feelingly, the nuns lamented

That double bars were e'er invented.

If he the wanton wife confest,

With downcast eye and heaving breast,

He strok'd her cheek to still her fear,

And talk'd of sins *en cavalier*:

Each time enjoin'd her penance mild,

And fondled on her like his child:

At ev'ry jovial gossip's feast

Pere Bernard was a welcome guest;

80

Mirth suffer'd not the least restraint;

He could at will shake off the saint;

Nor frown'd he when they freely spoke,

But shook his sides, and took the joke;

Nor fail'd he to promote the jest,

And shar'd the sins which they confest.

Yet that he might not always roam,
 He kept conveniencies at home.
 His maid was in the bloom of beauty,
 Well-limb'd for ev'ry social duty : 90
 He meddl'd with no household cares,
 To her consign'd his whole affairs;
 She of his study kept the keys,
 For he was studious---of his ease;
 She had the pow'r of all his locks,
 Could rummage ev'ry chest and box;
 Her honesty such credit gain'd,
 Not ev'n the cellar was restrain'd.

In truth it was a goodly show,
 Lin'd with full hogsheads all arow ; 100
 One vessel, from the rank remov'd,
 Far dearer than the rest he lov'd.
Pour faire bonne bouche 'twas set aside,
 To all but choicest friends deny'd.
 He now and then would send a quart,
 To warm some wife's retentive heart
 Against confession's sullen hour;
 Wine has all secrets in its pow'r.
 At common feasts it had been waste,
 Nor was it fit for laymen's taste. 110
 If monk or friar were his guest,
 They drank it, for they know the best.
 Nay, he at length so fond was grown,
 He always drank it when---alone.

Who shall recount his civil labours,
 In pious visits to his neighbours?
 Whene'er weak husbands went astray,
 He guess'd their wives were in the way:
 'Twas then his charity was shown,
 He chose to see them when alone. 120

Now was he bent on cuckoldom:
 He knew Friend Dennis was from home:
 His wife (a poor neglected beauty,
 Defrauded of a husband's duty)
 Had often told him at confession
 How hard she struggl'd 'gainst transgression.
 He now resolves, in heat of blood,
 To try how firm her virtue stood.
 He knew that wine (to love best aid)
 Has oft' made bold the shamefac'd maid, 130
 Taught her to romp and take more freedoms,
 Than nymphs train'd up at Smith's or Needham's.

A mighty bottle straight he chose,
 Such as might give two friars their dose:
 Nannette he call'd: the cellar door
 She straight unlocks, descends before;
 He follow'd close: but when he spies
 His fav'rite cask, with lifted eyes
 And lifted hands aloud he cries, }
 Heigh day! my darling wine astoop! 140
 It must, alas! have sprung a hoop.
 That there's a leak is past all doubt.
 (Reply'd the maid)---I'll find it out.

She sets the candle down in haste,
 Tucks her white apron round her waist,
 The hogshead's mouldy side ascends,
 She straddles wide, and downward bends;
 So low she stoops to seek the flaw,
 Her coats rose high, her master saw--
 I see--he cries--(then clasp'd her fast) 150
 The leak thro' which my wine has past.

Then all in haste the maid descended,
 And in a trice the leak was mended.
 He found in Nannette all he wanted,
 So Dennis' brows remain'd unplanted.

Ere since this time all lusty friars
 (Warm'd with predominant desires,
 Whene'er the flesh with spirit quarrels)
 Look on the sex as leaky barrels.
 Beware of these, ye jealous spouses, 160
 From such like Coopers guard your houses;
 For if they find not work at home,
 For jobs thro' all the town they roam. 163

THE EQUIVOCATION.

AN abbot rich (whose taste was good
 Alike in science and in food)
 His bishop had resolv'd to treat:
 The bishop came, the bishop ate.

Volume II.

F

'Twas silence till their stomachs fail'd,
And now at heretics they rail'd.
What heresy (the prelate said)
Is in that church where priests may wed!
Do not we take the church for life?
But those divorce her for a wife;
Like laymen keep her in their houses,
And own the children of their spouses.
Vile practices! the abbot cry'd,
For pious use we're set aside!
Shall we take wives; marriage at best
Is but carnality profest.
Now as the bishop took his glass,
He spy'd our abbot's buxom lass,
Who cross'd the room: he mark'd her eye
That glow'd with love; his pulse beat high.
Fye, Father! fye (the prelate cries)
A maid so young! for shame! be wise:
These indiscretions lend a handle
To lewd lay tongues to give us scandal;
For your vow's sake, this rule I give t' ye,
Let all your maids be turn'd of fifty.
The priest reply'd, I have not swerv'd,
But your chaste precept well observ'd;
That lass full twenty-five has told,
I've yet another who's as old;
Into one sum their ages cast,
So both my maids have fifty past.

10

26

30

The prelate smil'd, but durst not blame;
For why, his lordship did the same.

Let those who reprimand their brothers
First mend the faults they find in others. 36

A TRUE

STORY OF AN APPARITION.

SCEPTICS (whose strength of argument makes out
That wisdom's deep enquiries end in doubt)

Hold this assertion positive and clear,
That sprites are pure delusions rais'd by fear.

Not that fam'd ghost, which in presaging sound
Call'd Brutus to Philippi's fatal ground,

Nor can Tiberius Gracchus' gory shade
These ever-doubting disputants persuade.

Straight they with smiles reply. Those tales of old
By visionary priests were made and told. 10

Oh! might some ghost at dead of night appear,
And make you own conviction by your fear!

I know your sneers my easy faith accuse,
That with such idle legends scares the Muse;

But think not that I tell those vulgar sprights
Which frightened boys relate on winter nights,

How cleanly milkmaids meet the fairy train,
How headless horses drag the clinking chain,

Night-roaming ghosts, by saucer eyeballs known,
The common spectres of each country town: 20

Gay.]

F ij

No ; I such fables can like you despise,
And laugh to hear these nurse-invented lies :
Yet has not oft' the fraudulent guardian's fright
Compell'd him to restore an orphan's right ?
And can we doubt that horrid ghosts ascend,
Which on the conscious murd'rer's steps attend ?
Hear, then, and let attested truth prevail ;
From faithful lips I learnt the dreadful tale.

Where Arden's forest spreads its limits wide,
Whose branching paths the doubtful road divide,
A trav'ller took his solitary way,
When low beneath the hills was sunk the day.
And now the skies with gath'ring darkness lour,
The branches rustle with the threaten'd show'r ;
With sudden blasts the forest murmurs loud,
Indented lightnings cleave the sable cloud ;
Thunder on thunder breaks, the tempest roars,
And Heav'n discharges all its wat'ry stores.
The wand'ring trav'ller shelter seeks in vain,
And shrinks and shivers with the beaten rain :
On his steed's neck the slacken'd bridle lay,
Who chose with cautious step th' uncertain way ;
And now he checks the rein, and halts to hear
If any noise foretold a village near :
At length from far a stream of light he sees
Extend its level ray between the trees ;
Thither he speeds, and as he nearer came,
Joyful he knew the lamp's domestic flame

That trembled thro' the window; cross the way
Darts forth the barking cur, and stands at bay. 50

It was an ancient lonely house that stood
Upon the borders of the spacious wood;
Here tow'rs and antique battlements arise,
And there in heaps the moulder'd ruin lies:
Some lord this mansion held in days of yore
To chase the wolf, and pierce the foaming boar:
How chang'd, alas! from what it once had been!
'Tis now degraded to a public inn.

Straight he dismounts, repeats his loud commands:
Swift at the gate the ready landlord stands; 60
With frequent cringe he bows, and begs excuse,
His house was full, and ev'ry bed in use.
What, not a garret, and no straw to spare?
Why, then, the kitchen fire and elbowchair
Shall serve for once to nod away the night.
The kitchen ever is the servants' right,
Replies the host; there, all the fire around,
The Count's tir'd footman snor'd upon the ground.

The maid, who listen'd to this whole debate,
With pity learnt the weary stranger's fate. 70
Be brave, she cries, you still may be our guest,
Our haunted room was ever held the best;
If then your valour can the fright sustain,
Of rattling curtains and the clinking chain,
If your courageous tongue have pow'r to talk,
When round your bed the horrid ghost shall walk;

If you dare ask it why it leaves its tomb,
 I'll see your sheets well air'd, and show the room.
 Soon as the frightened maid her tale had told,
 The stranger enter'd, for his heart was bold. 83

The damsel led him thro' a spacious hall,
 Where ivy hung the half-demolish'd wall:
 She frequent look'd behind, and chang'd her hue,
 While Fancy tipt the candle's flame with blue.
 And now they gain'd the winding stair's ascent,
 And to the lonesome room of terrors went.
 When all was ready, swift retir'd the maid,
 The watch-lights burn; tuckt warm in bed was laid
 The hardy stranger, and attends the sprite
 Till his accusom'd walk at dead of night. 90

At first he hears the wind with hollow roar
 Shake the loose lock, and swing the creaking door:
 Nearer and nearer draws the dreadful sound
 Of rattling chains that dragg'd upon the ground;
 When, lo! the spectre came with horrid stride,
 Approach'd the bed, and drew the curtains wide!
 In human form the ghastful phantom stood,
 Expos'd his mangled bosom dy'd with blood;
 Then silent pointing to his wounded breast, 99
 Thrice wav'd his hand. Beneath the frightened guest
 The bed-chords trembled, and with shudd'ring fear,
 Sweat chill'd his limbs, high rose his bristled hair;
 Then mutt'ring hasty pray'rs, he mann'd his heart,
 And cry'd aloud, Say whence and who thou art?

The stalking ghost with hollow voice replies,
Three years are counted since with mortal eyes
I saw the sun, and vital air respir'd.

Like thee benighted, and with travel tir'd,
Within these walls I slept. O thirst of gain!

See, still the planks the bloody marks retain; 110

Stretch'd on this very bed, from sleep I start,

And see the steel impending o'er my heart;

The barb'rous hostess held the lifted knife,

The floor ran purple with my gushing life.

My treasure now they seize; the golden spoil

They bury deep beneath the grass-grown soil,

Far in the common-field. Be bold, arise,

My steps shall lead thee to the secret prize;

There dig and find; let that thy care reward:

Call loud on Justice, bid her not retard 120

To punish murder; lay my ghost at rest,

So shall with peace secure thy nights be blest;

And when beneath these boards my bones are found,

Decent inter them in some sacred ground.

Hereceas'd the ghost. The stranger springs from bed,

And boldly follows where the phantom led.

The half-worn stony stairs they now descend,

Where passages obscure their arches bend.

Silent they walk; and now thro' groves they pass,

Now thro' wet meads their steps imprint the grass;

At length amidst a spacious field they came; 131

There stops the spectre, and ascends in flame.

Amaz'd he stood ; no bush or brier was found
 To teach his morning search to find the ground :
 What could he do ? the night was hideous dark ;
 Fear shook his joints, and Nature dropt the mark :
 With that he starting wak'd, and rais'd his head,
 But found the golden mark was left in bed.

What is the statesman's vast ambitious scheme,
 But a short vision and a golden dream ? 140
 Pow'r, wealth, and title, elevate his hope ;
 He wakes ; but for a garter finds a rope. 142

THE MAD DOG.

A PRUDE, at morn and ev'ning pray'r,
 Had worn her velvet cushion bare ;
 Upward she taught her eyes to roll,
 As if she watch'd her soaring soul ;
 And when devotion warm'd the crowd,
 None sung or smote their breast so loud :
 Pale Penitence had mark'd her face
 With all the meagre signs of grace.
 Her mass-book was completely lin'd
 With painted saints of various kind ; 10
 But when in ev'ry page she view'd
 Fine ladies who the flesh subdu'd,
 As quick her beads she counted o'er,
 She cry'd---Such wonders are no more !
 She chose not to delay confession,
 To bear at once a year's transgression,

But ev'ry week set all things ev'n,
And balanc'd her accounts with Heav'n.

Behold her now, in humble guise,
Upon her knees with downcast eyes 20
Before the priest; she thus begins,
And sobbing, blubbers forth her sins:

Who could that tempting man resist?
My virtue languish'd as he kiss'd;
I strove,---till I could strive no longer;
How can the weak subdue the stronger? 40

The Father ask'd her where and when?
How many? and what sort of men?
By what degrees her blood was heated?
How oft' the frailty was repeated? 30
Thus have I seen a pregnant wench
All flush'd with guilt before the bench,
The judges, (wak'd by wanton thought)
Dive to the bottom of her fault;
They leer, they simper at her shame,
And make her call all things by name.

And now to sentence he proceeds,
Prescribes how oft' to tell her beads;
Shows her what saints could do her good,
Doubles her fasts to cool her blood. 40
Eas'd of her sins, and light as air,
Away she trips perhaps to pray'r.
'Twas no such thing. Why then this haste?
The clock has struck, the hour is past,

And on the spur of inclination,
She scorn'd to bilk her assignation.

Whate'er she did, next week she came,
And piously confest the same:
The priest, who female frailties pity'd,
First chid her, then her sins remitted. 50

But did she now her crime bemoan
In penitential sheets alone?
And was no bold, no beastly fellow,
The nightly partner of her pillow?
No, none: for next time in the grove
A bank was conscious of her love.

Confession-day was come about,
And now again it all must out:
She seems to wipe her twinkling eyes;
What now? my child! the father cries. 60
Again, says she!--With threat'ning looks
He thus the prostrate dame rebukes.

Madam, I grant there's something in it,
That virtue has th' unguarded minute;
But pray now tell me what are whores
But women of unguarded hours?
Then you must sure have lost all shame.
What, ev'ry day, and still the same;
And no fault else! 'tis strange to find
A woman to one sin confin'd! 70
Pride is this day her darling passion,
The next day slander is in fashion;

Gam
Ther
By us
And
But y
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Say, I
Or is
That
She te
That s
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First se
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Doctors
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Gaming succeeds; if Fortune crosses,
 Then virtue's mortgag'd for her losses;
 By use her fav'rite vice she loathes;
 And loves new follies like new clothes;
 But you, beyond all thought unchaste,
 Have all sin center'd near your waist!
 Whence is this appetite so strong?
 Say, Madam, did your mother long? 80
 Or is it lux'ry and high diet
 That won't let Virtue sleep in quiet?
 She tells him now with meekest voice,
 That she had never err'd by choice,
 Nor was there known a virgin chaster,
 Till ruin'd by a sad disaster.

That she a fav'rite lapdog had,
 Which (as she strok'd and kiss'd) grew mad;
 And on her lip a wound indenting,
 First set her youthful blood fermenting. 90

The priest reply'd, with zealous fury,
 You should have sought the means to cure ye.
 Doctors by various ways, we find,
 Treat these distempers of the mind.

Let gaudy ribbands be deny'd
 To her who raves with scornful pride;
 And if religion crack her notions,
 Lock up her volumes of devotions;
 But if for man her rage prevail,
 Let her the sight of creatures male. 100

Or else to curse such venom'd bites,
And set the shatter'd thoughts arights,
They send you to the ocean's shore,
And plunge the patient o'er and o'er.

The dame reply'd, Alas! in vain
My kindred forc'd me to the main,
Naked, and in the face of day;
Look not, ye Fishermen! this way:
What virgin had not done as I did?
My modest hand by Nature guided,
Debarr'd at once from human eyes,
The seat where female honour lies,
And tho' thrice dipt from top to toe,
I still secur'd the post below,
And guarded it with grasp so fast,
Not one drop thro' my fingers past;
Thus owe I to my bashful care,
That all the rage is settled there.

Weigh well the projects of mankind,
Then tell me, Reader! canst thou find
The man from madness wholly free?
They all are mad---save you and me.
Do not the statesman, fop, and wit,
By daily follies prove they're bit,
And when the briny cure they try'd,
Some part still kept above the tide?

Some men (when drench'd beneath the wave)
High o'er their heads their fingers save:

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Those hands by mean extortion thrive,
 Or in the pocket lightly dive; 139
 Or more expert in pilf'ring vice,
 They burn and itch to cog the dice.

Plunge in a courtier, straight his fears
 Direct his hands to stop his ears.
 And now truth seems a g. ating noise,
 He loves the sland'rer's whisp'ring voice;
 He hangs on flatt'ry with delight,
 And thinks all fulsome praise is right.
 All women dread a wat'ry death;
 They shut their lips to hold their breath, 140
 And tho' you duck them ne'er so long,
 Not one salt drop e'er wets their tongue:
 'Tis hence they scandal have at will,
 And that this member ne'er lies still. 141

THE QUIDNUNKIES.

A TALE.

Occasioned by the Death of the Duke Regent of France.

How vain are mortal man's endeavours?

(Said at Dame Elleot's * Master Tr---)

Good Orleans dead! in truth 'tis hard;

Oh! may all statesmen die prepar'd!

I do foresee (and for foreseeing

He equals any man in being)

* Coffee-house near St. James's.

The army ne'er can be disbanded.

----I wish the King were safely landed.

Ah! Friends! great changes threat the land;

All France and England at a stand!

There's Meroweis---mark! strange work!

And there's the Czar, and there's the Turk---

The Pope---An India merchant by

Cut short the speech with this reply:

All at a stand! You see great changes;

Ah! Sir, you never saw the Ganges:

There dwell the nations of Quidnunkies,

(So Monomotapa calls monkies)

On either bank, from bough to bough,

They meet and chat (as we may now)

Whispers go round; they grin, they shrug,

The bow, they snarl, they scratch, they hug;

And just as chance or whim provoke them,

They either bite their friends or stroke them.

There have I seen some active prig,

To shew his parts, bestride a twig.

L---d, how the chatt'ring tribe admire!

Not that he's wiser, but he's higher:

All long to try the vent'rous thing,

(For pow'r is but to have one's swing)

From side to side he springs, he spurns,

And bangs his foes and friends by turns.

Thus as in giddy freaks he bounces,

Crack goes the twig, and in he flounces!

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Down the swift stream the wretch is borne,
Never, ah! never to return!

Z---ds! what a fall had our dear brother?
Morbleu! cries one, and Damme! th' other;
The nations give a gen'ral screech,
None cocks his tail, none claws his breech;
Each trembles for the public weal,
And for a while forgets to steal.

49

Awhile all eyes, intent and steady,
Pursue him whirling down the eddy;
But out of mind when out of view,
Some other mounts the twig anew;
And bus'ness on each monkey shore
Runs the same track it went before.

48

ECLOGUES.

THE
BIRTH OF THE SQUIRE.

AN ECLOGUE,

IN IMITATION OF THE POLLIO OF VIRGIL.

YE sylvan Muses! loftier strains recite;
Not all in shades and humble cotes delight.
Hark! the bells ring; along the distant grounds
The driving gales convey the swelling sounds:
Th' attentive swain, forgetful of his work,
With gaping wonder leans upon his fork.
What sudden news alarms the waking Morn;
To the glad Squire a hopeful heir is born.
Mourn, mourn, ye Stags! and all ye beasts of Chase!
This hour destruction brings on all your race. 10
See the pleas'd tenants duteous off'rings bear,
Turkeys, and geese, and grocer's sweetest ware;
With the new health the pond'rous tankard flows,
And old October reddens ev'ry nose.
Beagles and spaniels round his cradle stand,
Kiss his moist lip, and gently lick his hand;
He joys to hear the shrill horn's echoing sounds,
And learns to lisp the names of all the hounds.

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With frothy ale to make his cup o'erflow,
 Barley shall in paternal acres grow ; 20
 The bee shall sip the fragrant dew from flow'rs,
 To give metheglin for his morning hours ;
 For him the clust'ring hop shall climb the poles,
 And his own orchard sparkle in his bowls.

His sire's exploits he now with wonder hears ;
 The monstrous tales indulge his greedy ears ;
 How when youth strung his nerves and warm'd his
 He rode the mighty Nimrod of the plains. [veins,
 He leads the staring infant thro' the hall---
 Points out the horny spoils that grace the wall ; 30
 Tells how his stag thro' three whole counties fled,
 What rivers swam, where bay'd, and where he bled.
 Now he the wonders of the fox repeats,
 Describes the desp'rate chase, and all his cheats ;
 How in one day beneath his furious speed
 He tir'd sev'n coursers of the fleetest breed ;
 How high the pale he leapt, how wide the ditch,
 When the hound tore the haunches of the wretch.*
 These stories, which descend from son to son,
 The forward boy shall one day make his own. 40

Ah! too fond Mother! think the time draws nigh
 That calls the darling from thy tender eye ;
 How shall his spirit brook the rigid rules,
 And the long tyranny of grammar schools?

* The most common accident to sportsmen, to hunt a witch in the shape of a hare.

Let younger brothers o'er dull authors plod,
 Lash'd into Latin by the tingling rod:
 No, let him never feel that smart disgrace;
 Why should he wiser prove than all his race?

When rip'ning youth with down o'ershades his chin,
 And ev'ry female eye incites to sin, 50
 The milkmaid (thoughtless of her future shame)
 With smacking lip shall raise his guilty flame:
 The dairy, barn, the hay-loft, and the grove,
 Shall oft be conscious of their stolen love.
 But think, Priscilla, on that dreadful time,
 When pangs and wat'ry qualms shall own thy crime;
 How wilt thou tremble, when thy nipple's prest,
 To see the white drops bathe thy swelling breast!
 Nine moons shall publicly divulge thy shame,
 And the young Squire forestal a father's name. 60

When twice twelve times the reaper's sweeping hand
 With levell'd harvests has bestrown the land,
 On fam'd St. Hubert's feast, his winding horn
 Shall cheer the joyful hound and wake the Morn:
 This memorable day his eager speed
 Shall urge with bloody wheel the rising steed.
 O check the foamy bit! nor tempt thy fate;
 Think on the murders of a five-bar gate!
 Yet prodigal of life, the leap he tries:
 Low in the dust his grov'ling honour lies: 70
 Headlong he falls, and on the rugged stone
 Distorts his neck, and cracks the collar-bone.

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O vent'rous Youth! thy thirst of game allay!
 May'st thou survive the perils of this day!
 He shall survive, and in late years be sent
 To snore away debates in Parliament.

The time shall come when his more solid sense,
 With nod important, shall the laws dispense;
 A justice with grave justices shall sit,
 He praise their wisdom, they admire his wit. 80
 No greyhound shall attend the tenant's pace,
 No rusty gun the farmer's chimney grace;
 Salmon shall leave their covers void of fear,
 Nor dread the thievish net or triple spear;
 Poachers shall tremble at his awful name,
 Whom vengeance now o'ertakes for murder'd game.

Assist me, Bacchus! and ye drunken Pow'rs!
 To sing his friendships and his midnight hours.

Why dost thou glory in thy strength of beer,
 Firm-corb'd, and mellow'd till the twentieth year, 90
 Brew'd or when Phœbus warms the fleecy sign,
 Or when his languid rays in Scorpio shine?
 Think on the mischiefs which from hence have sprung!
 It arms with curses dire the wrathful tongue;
 Foul scandal to the lying lip affords,
 And prompts the mem'ry with injurious words.
 O where is wisdom when by this o'erpower'd?
 70 The state is censur'd, and the maid deflower'd!
 And wilt thou still, O Squire! brew ale so strong?
 Hear then the dictates of prophetic song. 100

Methinks I see him in his hall appear,
 Where the long table floats in clammy beer;
 'Midst mugs and glasses shatter'd o'er the floor,
 Dead-drunk his servile crew supinely snore;
 Triumphant, o'er the prostrate brutes he stands,
 The mighty bumper trembles in his hands;
 Boldly he drinks, and, like his glorious sires,
 In copious gulps of potent ale expires.

108

THE TOILETTE.

A TOWN ECLOGUE.

LYDIA.

Now twenty springs had cloth'd the Park with green,
 Since Lydia knew the blossom of fifteen;
 No lovers now her morning hours molest,
 And catch her at her toilette half undrest:
 The thund'ring knocker wakes the street no more;
 No chair, no coaches, crowd her silent door:
 Her midnights once at cards and hazard fled,
 Which now alas! she dreams away in bed:
 And round her waist shocks, monkeys, and mockaws,
 To fill the place of fops and perjur'd beaus:
 In these she views the mimicry of man,
 And smiles when grinning Pug gallants her fan;
 When Poll repeats, the sounds deceive her ear,
 For sounds, like his, once told her Damon's care.

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With these alone her tedious mornings pass
 Or at the dumb devotion of her glass
 She smooths her brow, and frizzles forth her hairs,
 And fancies youthful dress gives youthful airs :
 With crimson wool she fixes ev'ry grace,
 That not a blush can discompose her face. 20
 Reclin'd upon her arm she pensive sate,
 And curs'd th' inconstancy of youth too late.

O youth; O spring of life! for ever lost!
 No more my name shall reign the fav'rite toast;
 On glass no more the di'mond grave my name,
 And rhymes mispell'd record a lover's flame :
 Nor shall side-boxes watch my restless eyes,
 And, as they catch the glance, in rows arise
 With humble bows; nor white-glov'd beaux encroach,
 In crowds behind to guard me to my coach. 30
 Ah! hapless nymph! such conquests are no more,
 For Chloe's now what Lydia was before!

'Tis true this Chloe boasts the peach's bloom;
 But does her nearer whisper breathe perfume?
 Down her taper shape is form'd to please;
 Yet if you saw her unconfin'd by stays,
 She doubly to fifteen may make pretence;
 Alike we read it in her face and sense.
 Her reputation! but that never yet
 Could check the freedoms of a young coquette. 40
 Why will ye then, vain Fops! her eyes believe?
 Her eyes can, like your perjurd tongues, deceive.

What shall I do? how spend the hateful day?
 At chapel shall I wear the morn away?
 Who there frequents at these unmodish hours,
 But ancient matrons with their frizzl'd tow'rs,
 And gray religious maids? my presence there,
 Amid that sober train, would own despair:
 Nor am I yet so old, nor is my glance,
 As yet, fix'd wholly to Devotion's trance. 50

Straight then I'll dress, and take my wonted range
 Thro' ev'ry Indian shop thro' all the Change;
 Where the tall jar erects his costly pride,
 With antic shapes in China's azure dy'd;
 There careless lies the rich brocade unroll'd,
 Here shines a cabinet with burnish'd gold;
 But then rememb'rance will my grief renew,
 'Twas there the raffling dice false Damon threw;
 The raffling dice to him decide the prize:
 'Twas there he first convers'd with Chloe's eyes; 60
 Hence sprung th' ill-fated cause of all my smart,
 To me the toy he gave, to her his heart;
 But soon thy perj'ry in the gift was found,
 The shiver'd China dropp'd upon the ground,
 Sure omen that thy vows would faithless prove;
 Frail was thy present, frailer is thy love.

O happy Poll, in wiry prison pent,
 Thou ne'er hast known what I've or rivals meant;
 And Pug with pleasure can his fetters bear,
 Who ne'er believ'd the vows that lovers swear. 70

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How am I curst! (unhappy and forlorn)
With perjury, with love, and rivals' scorn!
False are the loose coquette's inveigling heirs,
False is the pompous grief of youthful heirs,
False is the cringing courtier's plighted word,
False are the dice, when gamesters stamp the board,
False is the sprightly widow's public tear,
Yet these to Damon's oaths are all sincere.

Fly from perfidious man, the sex disdain,
Let servile Chloe wear the nuptial chain. 80

Damon is practis'd in the modish life,
Can hate, and yet be civil to a wife.

He games, he swears, he drinks, he fights, he roves,
Yet Chloe can believe he fondly loves.

Mistress and wife can well supply his need,
A miss for pleasure, and a wife for breed.

But Chloe's air is unconfin'd and gay,
And can perhaps an injur'd bed repay;

Perhaps her patient temper can behold
The rival of her love adorn'd with gold: 90

Powder'd with di'monds, free from thought and care,
A husband's sullen humour she can bear.

Why are these sobs? and why these streaming eyes?
Is love the cause? No, I the sex despise:

I hate, I loath his base perfidious name:

Yet if he should but feign a rival flame?

But Chloe boasts and triumphs in my pains,
To her he's faithful, 'tis to me he feigns. 70

This love-sick Lydia rav'd. Her maid appears;
 A band-box in her steady hand she bears. 100
 How well this ribband's gloss becomes your face!
 She cries, in raptures; then, so sweet a lace!
 How charmingly you look! so bright! so fair!
 'Tis to your eyes the head-dress owes its air.
 • Straight Lydia smil'd; the comb adjusts her locks,
 And at the play-house Harry keeps her box. 106

THE TEA-TABLE.

A TOWN ECLOGUE.

DORIS, MELANTHE.

SAINT James's noon-day bell for pray'rs had toll'd,
 And coaches to the patron's levee roll'd,
 When Doris rose: and now thro' all the room,
 From flow'ry tea, exhales a fragrant fume.
 Cup after cup they sipt, and talk'd by fits,
 For Doris here, and there Melanthe sits.
 Doris was young, a laughter-loving dame,
 Nice of her own alike and others' fame:
 Melanthe's tongue could well a tale advance,
 And sooner gave than sunk a circumstance:
 Lock'd in her mem'ry secrets never dy'd;
 Doris begun, Melanthe thus reply'd.

DORIS. Sylvia the vain fantastic fop admires,
 The rake's loose gallantry her bosom fires.

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 Volume 11.

Sylvia like that is vain, like this she roves,
In liking them she but herself approves.

MELAN. Laura rails on at men, the sex reviles,
Their voice condemns, or at their folly smiles:
Why should her tongue in just resentment fail,
Since men at her with equal freedom rail? 20

DORIS. Last masquerade was Sylvia nymph-like seen,
Her hand a crook sustain'd, her dress was green;
An am'rous shepherd led her thro' the crowd;
The nymph was innocent, the shepherd vow'd;
But nymphs their innocence with shepherds trust,
So both withdrew, as nymph and shepherd must.

MELAN. Name but the license of the modern stage,
Laura takes fire, and kindles into rage;
The whining tragic love she scarce can bear,
But nauseous comedy ne'er shock'd her ear; 30
Yet in the gall'ry mobb'd, she sits secure,
And laughs at jests that turn the box demure.

DORIS. Trust not, ye Ladies! to your beauty's pow'r,
For beauty withers like a shrivell'd flow'r;
Yet those fair flow'rs that Sylvia's temples bind
Fade not with sudden blights or winter's wind;
Like those her face defies the rolling years,
For Art her roses and her charms repairs.

MELAN. Laura despises ev'ry outward grace,
The wanton sparkling eye, the blooming face;
The beauties of the soul are all her pride,
For other beauties Nature has deny'd;

If affectation shows a beauteous mind,
Lives there a man to Laura's merits blind.

DORIS. Sylvia, be sure, defies the Town's reproach,
Whose dishabille is foil'd in hackney-coach;
What tho' the sash was clos'd? must we conclude
That she was yielding when her fop was rude?

MELAN. Laura learn'd caution at too dear a cost;
What fair could e'er retrieve her honour lost? 50
Secret she loves; and who the nymph can blame,
Who durst not own a footman's vulgar flame?

DORIS. Tho' Laura's homely taste descends so low,
Her footman well may vie with Sylvia's beau.

MELAN. Yet why should Laura think it a disgrace,
When proud Miranda's groom wears Flanders' lace!

DORIS. What tho' for music Cynthio boasts an ear?
Robin perhaps can hum an opera air,
Cynthio can bow, takes snuff, and dances well:
Robin talks common sense, can write and spell: 60
Sylvia's vain fancy dress and show admires,
But 'tis the man alone who Laura fires.

MELAN. Plato's wise morals Laura's soul improve,
And this, no doubt, must be platonic love!
Her soul to gen'rous acts was still inclin'd;
What shows more virtue than an humble mind?

DORIS. What tho' young Sylvia love the Park's cool
And wander in the dusk the secret glade? [shade,
Mask'd and alone (by chance) she met her spark;
That innocence is weak which shuns the dark. 70

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MELAN. But Laura, for her flame has no pretence;
Her footman is a footman too in sense.

All prudes I hate; and those are rightly curst
With scandal's double load, who censure first.

DORIS. And what if Cynthio Sylvia's garter ty'd!
Who such a foot and such a leg would hide,
When crook-knee'd Phillis can expose to view
Her gold-clock'd stocking, and her tawdry shoe?

MELAN. If pure devotion centre in the face,
If cens'ring others shew intrinsic grace, 80
If guilt to public freedoms be confin'd,
Prudes (all must own) are of the holy kind!

DORIS. Sylvia disdains reserve, and flies constraint;
She neither is, nor would be thought a saint.

MELAN. Love is a trivial passion, Laura cries!
May I be blest with Friendship's stricter ties.
To such a breast all secrets we commend:
Sure the whole drawing-room is Laura's friend.

DORIS. At marriage Sylvia rails; who men would
Yet husbands' jealousies are sometimes just. [trust?
Her favours Sylvia shares among mankind; 91
Such gen'rous love should never be confin'd.

As thus alternate chat employ'd their tongue,
With thund'ring raps the brazen knocker rung.
Laura with Sylvia came; the nymphs arise
This unexpected visit, Doris cries,
Is doubly kind! Melanthe Laura led;
Since I was last so blest, my dear she said,

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Sure 'tis an age! They sate; the hour was set;
And all again that night at Ombre met. 100

THE FUNERAL.

A TOWN ECLOGUE.

SABINA, LUCY.

TWICE had the moon perform'd her monthly race,
Since first the veil o'er cast Sabina's face:
Then died the tender partner of her bed;
And lives Sabina when Fidelio's dead?
Fidelio's dead, and yet Sabina lives:
But see, the tribute of her tears she gives.
Their absent lord her rooms in sable mourn,
And all the day the glimm'ring tapers burn;
Stretch'd on the couch of state she pensive lies,
While oft' the snowy cambric wipes her eyes. 10
Now enter'd Lucy: trusty Lucy knew
To roll a sleeve, or bear a billet-doux;
Her ready tongue, in secret service try'd,
With equal fluency spoke truth or ly'd:
She well could flush or humble a gallant,
And serve at once as maid and confidant.
A letter from her faithful stays she took;
Sabina snatch'd it with an angry look,
And thus in hasty words her grief confest,
While Lucy strove to sooth her troubl'd breast. 20

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SAB. What, still Myrtillo's hand! his flame I scorn;
 Give back his passion with the seal untorn,
 To break our soft repose has man a right?
 And are we doom'd to read whate'er they write?
 Not all the sex my firm resolves shall move;
 My life's a life of sorrow not of love.
 May Lydia's wrinkles all my forehead trace,
 And Celia's paleness sicken o'er my face;
 May fops of mine, as Flavia's favours, boast,
 And coquettes triumph in my honour lost; 30
 May cards employ my nights, and never more
 May these curst eyes behold a Metadore!
 Break China, perish Shock, die perroquet!
 When I Fidelio's dearer love forget.
 Fidelio's judgment scorn'd the foppish train,
 His air was easy, and his dress was plain;
 His words sincere, respect his presence drew,
 And on his lips sweet conversation grew.
 Where's Wit, where's Beauty, where is Virtue fled?
 Alas! they're now no more; Fidelio's dead! 40

LUCY. Yet when he liv'd he wanted ev'ry grace;
 That easy air was then an awkward pace:
 Have not your sighs in whispers often said,
 His dress was slovenly, his speech ill-bred?
 Have not I heard you, with a secret tear,
 Call that sweet converse sullen and severe?
 Think not I'm come to take Myrtillo's part,
 Let Chloe, Daphne, Doris, share his heart:

Let Chloe's love in ev'ry year express,
 His graceful person and genteel address.
 All well may judge what shaft has Daphne hit,
 Who can be silent to admire his wit.
 His equipage and liv'ries Doris move,
 But Chloe, Daphne, Doris fondly love.
 Sooner shall cits in fashions guide the court,
 And beaus upon the busy Change resort ;
 Sooner the nation shall from snuff be freed,
 And fops' apartments smoke with India' weed ;
 Sooner I'd wish and sigh thro' nunn'ry grates,
 Than recommend the flame Sabina hates.

SAB. Because some widows are in haste subdu'd,
 Shall ev'ry fop upon our tears intrude ?
 Can I forget my lov'd Fidelio's tongue,
 Soft as the warbling of Italian song ?
 Did not his rosy lips breathe forth perfume,
 Fragrant as steams from tea's imperial bloom ?

LUCY. Yet once you thought that tongue a greater
 Than squalls of children for an absent nurse. [curse
 Have you not fancy'd in his frequent kiss
 Th' ungrateful leavings of a filthy miss?

SAB. Love! I thy pow'r defy; no second flame
 Shall ever raze my dear Fidelio's name.
 Fannia without a tear might lose her lord
 Who ne'er enjoy'd his presence but at board.
 And why should sorrow sit on Lesbia's face ?
 Are there such comforts in a sot's embrace ?

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v. 98.]
 edit. 1767

No friend, no lover, is to Lesbia dead,
 For Lesbia long had known a separate bed.
 Gush forth, ye Tears! waste, waste, ye Sighs! my
 My days, my nights, were by Fidelio blest! [breast,

LUCY. You cannot sure forget how oft' you said 81
 His teasing fondness jealousy betray'd!
 When at the play the neighb'ring box he took,
 Yet thought you read suspicion in his look;
 When cards and counters flew around the board
 Have you not wish'd the absence of your lord?
 His company was then a poor pretence
 To check the freedoms of a wife's expense!

SAB. But why should I Myrtillo's passion blame,
 Since love's a fierce involuntary flame? 90

LUCY. Could he the sallies of his heart withstand,
 Why should he not to Chloe give his hand?

For Chloe's handsome; yet he slights her flame;
 Last night she fainted at Sabina's name.

Why, Daphne, dost thou blame Sabina's charms?
 Sabina keeps no lover from thy arms.

At Crimp Myrtillo play'd; in kind regards

Doris threw love, unmindful of the cards:

Doris was touch'd with spleen; her fan he rent,

Flew from the table, and to tears gave vent. 100

Why, Doris, dost thou curse Sabina's eyes?

To her Myrtillo is a vulgar prize.

v. 98.] Doris *dealt* love, *he only dealt* the cards. 12 mo.
 edit. 1767.

SAB. Yet say I lov'd; how loud would censure rail,
 So soon to quit the duties of the veil!
 No, sooner plays and op'ras I'd forswear,
 And change those China jars for Tunbridge ware,
 Or trust my mother as a confidant,
 Or fix a friendship with my maiden aunt.
 Than till---to-morrow throw my weeds away.
 Yet let me see him if he comes to-day! 110
 Hasty she snatch'd the letter, tore the seal;
 She read, and blushes glow'd beneath the veil. 112

THE ESPOUSAL.

A SOBER ECLOGUE

BETWEEN TWO OF THE PEOPLE CALLED QUAKERS.

CALEB, TABITHA.

BENEATH the shadow of a beaver hat
 Meek Caleb at a silent meeting sat;
 His eyeballs oft' forgot the holy trance,
 While Tabitha demure return'd the glance.
 The meeting ended, Caleb silence broke,
 And Tabitha her inward yearnings spoke.

CALEB. Beloved! see how all things follow love;
 Lamb fondleth lamb, and dove desports with dove:
 Yet fondl'd lambs their innocence secure,
 And none can call the turtle's bill impure. 10
 O fairest of our Sisters! let me be
 The billing dove and fondling lamb to thee.

TABITHA.
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TABIT. But, Caleb, know that birds of gentle mind
 Elect a mate among the sober kind;
 Not the mockaws all deck'd in scarlet pride,
 Entice their mild and modest hearts aside;
 But thou, vain man! beguil'd by Popish shows,
 Dotest on ribands, flounces, furbelows.
 If thy false heart be fond of tawdry dyes,
 Go, wed the painted arch in summer skies; 20
 Such love will like the rainbow's hue decay,
 Strong at the first, but passeth soon away.

CALEB. Name not the frailties of my youthful days,
 When vice misled me thro' the harlot's ways;
 When I with wanton look thy sex beheld,
 And Nature with each wanton look rebell'd;
 Then party-colour'd Pride my heart might move
 With lace, the net to catch unhallow'd love.
 All such-like love is fading as the flow'r,
 Springs in a day, and withereth in an hour: 30
 But now I feel the Spousal love within,
 And Spousal love no Sister holds a sin.

TABIT. I know thou longest for the flaunting maid;
 Thy falsehood own, and say I am betray'd:
 The tongue of man is blister'd o'er with lies,
 But truth is ever read in woman's eyes:
 O that my lip obey'd a tongue like thine!
 Or that thine eye bewray'd a love like mine!

CALEB. How bitter are thy words! forbear to tease;
 I too might blame---but love delights to please. 40

Why should I tell thee, that when last the sun
 Painted the downy peach of Newington,
 Josiah led thee thro' the garden's walk,
 And mingl'd melting kisses with his talk?
 Ah! Jealousy! turn, turn thine eyes aside,
 How can I see that watch adorn thy side?
 For verily no gift the Sisters take
 For lust of gain, but for the giver's sake.

TABIT. I own Josiah gave the golden toy,
 Which did the righteous hand of Quare employ: 50
 When Caleb hath assign'd some happy day,
 I look on this and chide the hour's delay:
 And when Josiah would his love pursue,
 On this I look and shun his wanton view.
 Man but in vain with trinkets tries to move;
 The only present Love demands is love.

CALEB. Ah! Tabitha! to hear these words of thine,
 My pulse beats high, as if inflam'd with wine!
 When to the Brethren first, with fervent zeal,
 The Spirit mov'd thy yearnings to reveal, 60
 How did I joy thy trembling lip to see
 Red as the cherry from the Kentish tree?
 When ecstasy had warm'd thy look so meek,
 Gardens of roses blushed on thy cheek.
 With what sweet transport didst thou roll thine eyes,
 How did thy words provoke the Brethren's sighs!
 Words that with holy sighs might others move,
 But, Tabitha! my sighs were sighs of love.

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TABIT. Is Tabitha beyond her wishes blest?
Does not proud worldly dame divide thy breast? 70
Then hear me, Caleb! witness what I speak,
This solemn promise death alone can break;
Sooner I would bedeck my brow with lace,
And with immodest fav'rites shade my face,
Sooner, like Babylon's lewd whore, be drest
In flaring di'monds and a scarlet vest,
Or make a curtsy in cathedral pew,
Than prove inconstant while my Caleb's true.

CALEB. When I prove false, and Tabitha forsake,
Teachers shall dance a jig at country wake; 80
Brethren unbeaver'd then shall bow their head,
And with profane mince-pies our babes be fed.

TABIT. If that Josiah were with passion fir'd,
Warm as the zeal of youth when first inspir'd;
In steady love tho' he might persevere,
Unchanging as the decent garb we wear,
And thou wert fickle as the wind that blows,
Light as ths feather on the head of beaus;
Yet I for thee would all thy sex resign,
Sisters! take all the rest---be Caleb mine. 90

CALEB. Tho' I had all that sinful love affords,
And all the concubines of all the lords,
Whose couches creak with whoredom's sinful shame,
Whose velvet chairs are with adult'ry lame;
Ev'n in the harlot's hall I would not sip
The dew of lewdness from her lying lip;

I'd shun her paths, upon thy mouth to dwell,
 More sweet than powder which the merchants sell:
 O solace me with kisses pure like thine!
 Enjoy, ye Lords! the wanton concubine. 100
 The spring now calls us forth; come, Sister! come,
 To see the primrose and the daisy bloom.
 Let ceremony bind the worldly pair,
 Sisters esteem the Brethren's word sincere.

TABIT. Espousals are but forms. O lead me hence,
 For secret love can never give offence.

Then hand in hand the loving mates withdraw.

True love is nature unrestrained by law.

This tenet all the holy sect allows;

So Tabitha took earnest of a spouse. 110

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Volume II.

SONGS AND BALLADS.

SWEET WILLIAM'S FAREWELL TO BLACK-EY'D SUSAN.

A BALLAD.

I.

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When Black-ey'd Susan came aboard:
Oh! where shall I my truelove find!
Tell me, ye jovial Sailors! tell me true,
If my sweet William sails among the crew.

II.

William, who high upon the yard
Rock'd with the billow to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below :
The cord slides swiftly thro' his glowing hands,
And (quick as lightning) on the deck he stands.

10

III.

So the sweet lark, high-pois'd in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
If chance his mate's shrill call he hear)
And drops at once into her nest.
The noblest captain in the British fleet
Might envy William's lip those kisses sweet.

IV.

O Susan! Susan! lovely dear,
 My vows shall ever true remain;
 Let me kiss off that falling tear;
 We only part to meet again.
 Change as ye list, ye Winds! my heart shall be
 The faithful compass that still points to thee.

20

V.

Believe not what the landmen say,
 Who tempt with doubt thy constant mind;
 They'll tell thee sailors, when away,
 In ev'ey port a mistress find.
 Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
 For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

30

VI.

If to far India's coast we sail,
 Thy eyes are seen in di'monds bright,
 Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,
 Thy skin is ivory, so white.
 Thus ev'ry beauteous object that I view
 Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue:

VII.

Tho' battle call me from thy arms,
 Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
 Tho' cannons roar, yet, safe from harms,
 William shall to his dear return.
 Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
 Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.

40

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VIII.

The boatswain gave the dreadful word;
 The sails their swelling bosom spread;
 No longer must she stay aboard:
 They kiss'd; she sigh'd; he hung his head:
 Her less'ning boat unwilling rows to land:
 Adieu! she cries, and wav'd her lily hand.

48

THE LADY'S LAMENTATION.

A BALLAD.

I.

PHYLIDA, that lov'd to dream
 In the grove, or by the stream,
 Sigh'd on velvet pillow:
 What, alas! should fill her head,
 But a fountain or a mead,
 Water and a willow?

II.

Love in cities never dwells;
 He delights in rural cells
 Which sweet woodbine covers.
 What are your assemblies then?
 There, 'tis true, we see more men,
 But much fewer lovers.

III.

Oh! how chang'd the prospect grows!
 Flocks and herds to fops and beaus,

Gay.]

I ij

Coxcombs without number!
 Moon and stars that shone so bright,
 To the torch and waxen light,
 And whole nights at ombre.

IV.

Pleasant as it is to hear
 Scandal tickling in our ear,
 Ev'n of our own mothers;
 In the chit-chat of the day,
 To us is paid when we're away
 What we lent to others.

v.

Tho' the fav'rite toast I reign,
 Wine they say that prompts the vain,
 Heightens defamation.
 Must I live 'twixt spite and fear,
 Ev'ry day grow handsomer,
 And lose my reputation?

VI.

Thus the fair to sighs gave way,
 Her empty purse beside her lay:
 Nymph! ah, cease thy sorrow.
 Tho' curs'd Fortune frown to-night,
 This odious town can give delight
 If you win to-morrow.

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DAMON AND CUPID.

A SONG.

I.

THE sun was now withdrawn,
The shepherds' home were sped,
The moon wide o'er the lawn
Her silver mantle spread,
When Damon stay'd behind,
And saunter'd in the grove.
Will ne'er a nymph be kind,
And give me love for love ?

II.

Oh! those were golden hours,
When love, devoid of cares,
In all Arcadia's bow'rs
Lodg'd swains and nymphs by pairs:
But now from wood and plain
Flies ev'ry sprightly lass,
No joys for me remain
In shades or on the grass.

III.

The winged Boy draws near,
And thus the swain reproveth.
While beauty revell'd here,
My game lay in the groves;

At court I never fail
To scatter round my arrows,
Men fall as thick as hail,
And maidens love like sparrows.

IV.

Then, Swain! if me you need,
Straight lay your sheep-hook down;
Throw by your oaten reed,
And haste away to Town:
So well I'm known at court,
None asks where Cupid dwells, 30
But readily resort
To B-----n's or L-----ll's.

DAPHNIS AND CHLOE.

A SONG.

I.

DAPHNIS stood pensive in the shade
With arms across and head reclin'd;
Pale looks accus'd the cruel maid,
And sighs reliev'd his love-sick mind:
His tuneful pipe all broken lay,
Looks, sighs, and actions, seem'd to say
My Chloe is unkind.

II.

Why ring the woods with warbling throats?
Ye Larks! ye Linnets! cease your strains;

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I faintly hear in your sweet notes,
My Chloe's voice that wakes my pains:
Yet why should you your song forbear?
Your mates delight your song to hear,
But Chloe mine disdains.

10

III.

As thus he melancholy stood,
Dejected as the lonely dove,
Sweet sounds broke gently thro' the wood;
I feel the sound, my heart-strings move.
'Twas not the nightingale that sung;
No, 'tis my Chloe's sweeter tongue.
Hark, hark, what says my love!

20

IV.

How foolish is the nymph (she cries)
Who trifles with her lover's pain!
Nature still speaks in woman's eyes,
Our artful lips were made to feign.
O Daphnis! Daphnis! 'twas my pride,
'Twas not my heart thy love deny'd;
Come back, dear youth, again.

V.

As i' other day my hand he seiz'd,
My blood with thrilling motion flew!
Sudden I put on looks displeas'd,
And hasty from his hold withdrew.
'Twas fear alone, thou simple swain;
Then hast thou prest my hand again,
My heart had yielded too!

30

VI.

'Tis true thy tuneful reed I blam'd;
 That swell'd thy lip and rosy cheek;
 Think not thy skill in song defam'd,
 That lip should other pleasure seek:
 Much, much thy music I approve;
 Yet break thy pipe, for more I love,
 Much more, to hear thee speak.

40

VII.

My heart forebodes that I'm betray'd;
 Daphnis I fear is ever gone;
 Last night with Delia's dog he play'd;
 Love by such trifles first comes on.
 Now, now, dear Shepherd! come away,
 My tongue would now my heart obey.
 Ah! Chloe! thou art won.

VIII.

The youth stepp'd forth with hasty pace,
 And found where wishing Chloe lay;
 Shame sudden lighten'd in her face,
 Confus'd, she knew not what to say:
 At last in broken words she cry'd,
 To-morrow you in vain had try'd,
 But I am lost to-day!

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THE
COQUETTE MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.
SONG.

I.

At the close of the day,
When the bean-flow'r and hay
Breath'd odours in ev'ry wind,
Love enliven'd the veins
Of the damsels and swains,
Each glance and each action was kind.

II.

Molly, wanton and free,
Kiss'd, and sat on each knee,
Fond ecstasy swam in her eyes.
See, thy mother is near,
Hark! she calls thee to hear
What Age and Experience advise.
Hast thou seen the blithe dove
Stretch her neck to her love,
All glossy with purple and gold?
If a kiss he obtain,
She returns it again;
What follows you need not be told.

IV.

Look ye, Mother! she cry'd,
You instruct me in pride,
And men by good-manners are won: 20

She who trifles with all
Is less likely to fall
Than she who but trifles with one.

v.

Prithee, Molly, be wise,
Lest by sudden surprise
Love should tingle in ev'ry vein:
Take a shepherd for life,
And when once you're a wife,
You safely may trifle again. 30

vi.

Molly smiling reply'd,
Then I'll soon be a bride;
Old Roger has gold in his chest:
But I thought all you wives
Chose a man for your lives,
And trifi'd no more with the rest. 36

MOLLY MOG:

OR

THE FAIR MAID OF THE INN.

A BALLAD.*

I.

SAYS my uncle, I pray you discover
What hath been the cause of your woes,

* This ballad was written on an inn-keeper's daughter at Oakingham in Berkshire, who in her youth was a celebrated beauty and toast. She lived to a very advanced age, dying so lately as the month of March 1766.

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That you pine and you whine like a lover?
---I have seen Molly Mog of the Rose.

II.

O nephew! your grief is but folly,
In town you may find better prog;
Half-a-crown there will get you a Molly,
A Molly much better than Mog.

III.

I know that by wits 'tis recited
That women at best are a clog; 10
But I'm not so easily frightened
From loving of sweet Molly Mog.

IV.

The school-boy's desire is a play-day,
The school-master's joy is to flog;
The milk-maid's delight is on May-day,
But mine is on sweet Molly Mog.

V.

Will-a-wisp leads the traveller gadding
Thro' ditch, and thro' quagmire, and bog;
But no light can set me a madding
Like the eyes of my sweet Molly Mog. 20

VI.

For guineas in other men's breeches
Your gamesters will palm and will cog;
But I envy them none of their riches,
So I may win sweet Molly Mog.

VII.

The heart when half wounded in changing,
It here and there leaps like a frog ;
But my heart can never be ranging,
'Tis fix'd on sweet Molly Mog.

VIII.

Who follows all ladies of pleasure,
In pleasure is thought but a hog ;
All the sex cannot give so good measure
Of joys as my sweet Molly Mog.

30

IX.

I feel I'm in love to distraction,
My senses all lost in a fog,
And nothing can give satisfaction
But thinking of sweet Molly Mog.

X.

A letter when I am enditing,
Comes Cupid and gives me a jog,
And I fill all the paper with writing
Of nothing but sweet Molly Mog.

40

XI.

If I would not give up the three graces
I wish I were hang'd like a dog,
And at court all the drawing-room faces,
For a glance of my sweet Molly Mog.

XII.

Those faces want nature and spirit,
And seem as cut out of a log ;

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Juno, Venus, and Pallas' merit
Unite in my sweet Molly Mog.

XIII.

Those who toast all the family royal
In bumpers of Hogan and Nog, 50
Have hearts not more true or more loyal
Than mine to my sweet Molly Mog.

XIV.

Were Virgil alive with his Phillis,
And writing another eclogue,
Both his Phillis and fair Amaryllis
He'd give up for sweet Molly Mog.

XV.

When she smiles on each guest like her liquor,
Then jealousy sets me agog;
To be sure she's a bit for the Vicar,
And so I shall lose Molly Mog. 60

BALLAD.

I.

Of all the girls that e'er was seen,
There's none so fine as Nelly,
For charming face, and shape, and mien,
And what's not fit to tell ye.
Oh! the turn'd neck, and smooth white skin
Of lovely, dearest Nelly!
For many a swain it well had been
Had she ne'er been at Calai.

II.

For when as Nelly came to France,
 (Invited by her cousins)
 Across the Tuilleries each glance
 Kill'd Frenchmen by whole dozens.
 The king, as he at dinner sat,
 Did beckon to his hussar,
 And bid him bring his tabby cat
 For charming Nell to buss her.

III.

The ladies were with rage provok'd
 To see her so respected;
 The men look'd arch, as Nelly strok'd,
 And puss her tail erected.
 But not a man did look employ,
 Except on pretty Nelly;
 Then said the Duke de Villeroy,
Ab! qu'elle est bien jolie!

IV.

But who's that great philosopher
 That carefully looks at her?
 By his concern it should appear
 The fair one is his daughter.
Ma foy! (quoth then a courtier sly)
 He on his child does leer too;
 I wish he has no mind to try
 What some papas will here do.

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V.

The courtiers all, with one accord,
 Broke out in Nelly's praises,
 Admir'd her rose, and *lys sans farde*,
 (Which are your *termes Francoises*.)
 Then might you see a painted ring
 Of dames that stood by Nelly;
 She like the pride of all the spring,
 And they like *fleurs de palais*.

VI.

In Marli's gardens, and St. Clou,
 I saw this charming Nelly,
 Where shameless nymphs expos'd to view,
 Stand naked in each alley:
 But Venus had a brazen face
 Both at Versailles and Mendon,
 Or else she had resign'd her place,
 And left the stone she stood on.

VII.

Were Nelly's figure mounted there,
 'Twould put down all th' Italians;
 Lord! how these foreigners would stare!
 But I should turn Pygmalion;
 For spite of lips, and eyes, and mien,
 Me nothing can delight so,
 As does that part that lies between
 Her left toe and her right one.

Gay.]

K ij

A BALLAD

ON QUADRILLE.

I.

WHEN as Corruption hence did go,
 And left the nation free ;
 When Ay said ay, and No said no,
 Without or place or fee ;
 Then Satan, thinking things went ill,
 Sent forth his spirit, call'd Quadrille.

Quadrille, Quadrille, &c.

II.

Kings, queens, and knaves, made up his pack,
 And four fair suits he wore ;
 His troops they were with red and black
 All blotch'd and spotted o'er ;
 And ev'ry house, go where you will,
 Is haunted by this imp Quadrille, &c.

III.

Sure cards he has for ev'ry thing,
 Which well Court-cards they name,
 And statesman like calls in the king
 To help out a bad game ;
 But if the parties manage ill,
 The king is forc'd to lose Codille, &c.

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IV.

When two and two were met of old, 20
 Tho' they ne'er meant to marry,
 They were in Cupid's books enroll'd,
 And call'd a *Party Quarree*;
 But now meet when and where you will,
 A *Party Quarree* is *Quadrille*, &c.

V.

The commoner, the knight, and peer,
 Men of all ranks and fame,
 Leave to their wives the only care
 To propagate their name:
 And well that duty they fulfil 30
 When the good husband's at *Quadrille*, &c.

VI.

When patients lie in piteous case,
 In comes th' apothecary,
 And to the doctor cries, *Alas!*
Non debes Quadrillare:
 The patient dies without a pill,
 For why? the doctor's at *Quadrille*, &c.

VII.

Should France and Spain again grow loud,
 The Muscovite grow louder,
 Britain to curb her neighbour's proud, 40
 Would want both ball and powder;
 Must want both sword and gun to kill:
 For why? the general's at *Quadrille*, &c.

VIII.

The king of late drew forth his sword,
 (Thank God 'twas not in wrath)
 And made of many a squire and lord,
 An unwash'd knight of Bath :
 What are their feats of arms and skill ?
 They're but nine parties at Quadrille, &c.

IX.

A party late at Cambray met, 50
 Which drew all Europe's eyes ;
 'Twas call'd in Post-boy and Gazette
 The Quadruple Allies.
 But somebody took something ill,
 So broke this party at Quadrille, &c.

X.

And now, God save this noble realm,
 And God save eke Hanover :
 And God save those who hold the helm,
 When as the King goes over ;
 But let the King go where he will, 60
 His subjects must play at Quadrille.
 Quadrille, Quadrille, &c. 62

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A NEW SONG

OF NEW SIMILIES.

My passion is as mustard strong;

I sit all sober sad;

Drunk as a piper all day long,

Or like a March hare mad.

Round as a hoop the bumpers flow;

I drink, yet can't forget her;

For tho' as drunk as David's sow,

I love her still the better.

Pert as a pear-monger I'd be,

If Molly were but kind;

Cool as a cucumber could see

The rest of womankind.

Like a stuck pig I gaping stare,

And eye her o'er and o'er;

Lean as a rake with sighs and care,

Sleek as a mouse before.

Plump as a partridge was I known,

And soft as silk my skin,

My cheeks as fat as butter grown,

But as a goat now thin!

I melancholy as a cat

Am kept awake to weep;

But she insensible of that,

Sound as a top can sleep.

Hard is her heart as flint or stone,
 She laughs to see me pale;
 And merry as a grig is grown,
 And brisk as bottl'd ale.

The god of Love at her approach
 Is busy as a bee;
 Hearts sound as any bell or roach,
 Are smit and sigh like me.

Ah me! I think as hops or hail
 The fine men crowd about her;
 But soon as dead as a door-nail
 Shall I be if without her.

Straight as my leg her shape appears;
 O were we join'd together!
 My heart would be Scot-free from cares,
 And lighter than a feather.

As fine as fivepence is her mien,
 No drum was ever tighter;
 Her glance is as the razor keen,
 And not the sun is brighter.

As soft as pap her kisses are,
 Methinks I taste them yet;
 Brown as a berry is her hair,
 Her eyes as black as jet.

As smooth as glass, as white as curds,
 Her pretty hand invites;
 Sharp as a needle are her words,
 Her wit like pepper bites.

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Brisk as a body-louse she trips,
Clean as a penny drest;
Sweet as a rose her breath and lips,
Round as the globe her breast.

Full as an egg was I with glee,
And happy as a king:
Good L---d! how all men envy'd me!
She lov'd like any thing.

60

But false as hell, she, like the wind
Chang'd, as her sex must do;
Tho' seeming as the turtle kind,
And like the gospel true.

If I and Molly could agree,
Let who would take Peru!
Great as an emp'ror should I be,
And richer than a Jew.

Till you grow tender as a chick,
I'm dull as any post;
Let us like burs together stick,
And warm as any toast.

70

You'll know me truer than a die,
And wish me better sped;
Flat as a flounder when I lie,
And as a herring dead.

Sure as a gun she'll drop a tear
And sigh, perhaps, and wish,
When I am rotten as a pear,
And mute as any fish.

80

NEWGATE'S GARLAND:
BEING A NEW BALLAD,

Shewing how Mr. JONATHAN WILD's throat was cut from ear to ear with a pen-knife by Mr. BLAKE, alias BLUESKIN, the bold highwayman, as he stood at his trial in the Old-Bailey, 1725. To the tune of The Cut-purse.

I.

YE Gallants of Newgate, whose fingers are nice,
In diving in pockets or cogging of dice;
Ye sharpers so rich, who can buy off the noose,
Ye honest Poor Rogues who die in your shoes:
Attend and draw near,
Good news you shall hear,
How Jonathan's throat was cut from ear to ear;
How Blueskin's sharp pen-knife hath set you at ease,
And ev'ry man round me may rob if he please.

II.

When to the Old-Bailey this Blueskin was led,
He held up his hand, his indictment was read,
Loud rattl'd his chains, near him Jonathan stood,
Full forty pounds was the price of his blood.
Then hopeless of life,
He drew his pen-knife,
And made a sad widow of Jonathan's wife:
But forty pounds paid her her grief shall appease,
And ev'ry man round me may rob if he please.

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III.

Some say there are courtiers of highest renown, 19
Who steal the king's gold and leave but a crown :
Some say there are peers, and some parliament-men,
Who meet once a year to rob courtiers again :
Let them all take their swing,
To pillage the king,
And get a blue ribband instead of a string.
Now Blueskin's sharp pen-knife hath set you at ease,
And ev'ry man round me may rob if he please.

IV.

Knaves of old, to hide guilt by their cunning inventions,
Call'd briberies Grants, and plain robberies Pensions ;
Physicians and lawyers (who take their degrees 30
To be learned rogues) call'd their pilfering Fees ;
Since this happy day,
Now ev'ry man may
Rob (as safe as in office) upon the highway :
For Blueskin's sharp pen-knife hath set you at ease,
And ev'ry man round me may rob if he please.

V.

Some cheat in the Customs, some rob the Excise,
But he who robs both is esteemed most wise.
Church-wardens, too prudent to hazard the halter,
As yet only venture to steal from the altar: 40
But now to get gold,
They may be more bold,
And rob on the highway since Jonathan's cold :

For Blueskin's sharp pen-knife has set you at ease,
And ev'ry man round me may rob if he please. 45

A BALLAD.

ON ALE.

I.

WHILST some in epic strains delight,
Whilst others pastorals invite,
As taste or whim prevail;
Assist me, all ye tuneful Nine!
Support me in the great design,
To sing of nappy Ale.

II.

Some folks of cyder make a rout,
And cyder's well enough no doubt,
When better liquors fail;
But wine, that's richer, better still,
Ev'n wine itself, (deny 't who will)
Must yield to nappy Ale.

III.

Rum, brandy, gin, with choicest smack,
From Holland brought, Batavia 'rack,
All these will nought avail
To cheer a truly British heart,
And lively spirits to impart,
Like humming nappy Ale.

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IV.

Oh! whether thee I closely hug
 In honest can, or nut-brown jug, 20
 Or in the tankard hail;
 In barrel or in bottle pent,
 I give the gen'rous spirit vent,
 Still may I feast on Ale.

V.

But chief when to the cheerful glass,
 From vessel pure, thy streamlets pass,
 Then most thy charms prevail;
 Then, then, I'll bet and take the odds,
 That nectar, drink of Heathen gods,
 Was poor compar'd to Ale. 30

VI.

Give me a bumper, fill it up:
 See how it sparkles in the cup;
 O how shall I regale!
 Can any taste this drink divine,
 And then compare rum, brandy, wine,
 Or aught with nappy Ale?

VII.

Inspir'd by thee the warrior fights,
 The lover woos, the poet writes,
 And pens the pleasing tale;
 And still in Britain's isle confest, 40
 Naught animates the patriot's breast
 Like gen'rous nappy Ale.

VIII.

High church and low oft' raise a strife,
 And oft' endanger limb and life,
 Each studious to prevail;
 Yet Whig and Tory, opposite
 In all things else, doth both unite
 In praise of nappy Ale.

IX.

Inspir'd by thee, shall Crispin sing,
 Or talk of freedom, church and king, 50
 And balance Europe's scale;
 While his rich landlord lays out schemes
 Of wealth in golden South-Sea dreams,
 Th' effects of nappy Ale.

X.

O blest potation! still by thee,
 And thy companion Liberty,
 Doth health and mirth prevail;
 Then let us crown the can, the glass,
 And sportive bid the minutes pass
 In quaffing nappy Ale. 60

XI.

Ev'n while these stanzas I endite,
 The bar-bell's grateful sounds invite
 Where joy can never fail.
 Adieu, my Muse! adieu, I haste
 To gratify my longing taste
 With copious draughts of Ale. 66

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ELEGIES.

PANTHEA.

AN ELEGY.

LONG had Panthea felt love's secret smart,
And hope and fear alternate rul'd her heart;
Consenting glances had her flame confest,
(In woman's eyes her very soul's exprest)
Perjur'd Alexis saw the blushing maid,
He saw, he swore, he conquer'd and betray'd.
Another love now calls him from her arms,
His fickle heart another beauty warms;
Those oaths oft' whisper'd in Panthea's ears,
He now again to Galatea swears. 10
Beneath a beech th' abandon'd virgin laid,
In grateful solitude enjoys the shade; [strains,
There with faint voice she breath'd these moving
While sighing zephyrs shar'd her am'rous pains.

Pale settl'd sorrow hangs upon my brow,
Dead are my charms, Alexis breaks his vow!
Think, think, dear Shepherd! on the days you knew,
When I was happy, when my swain was true;
Think how thy looks and tongue are form'd to move,
And think yet more that all my fault was love. 20
Ah! could you view me in this wretched state!
You might not love me, but you could not hate:

Gay.]

L ij

Could you behold me in this conscious shade,
 Where first thy vows, where first my love, was paid,
 Worn out with watching, sullen with despair,
 And see each eye swell with a gushing tear?
 Could you behold me on this mossy bed,
 From my pale cheek the livley crimson fled,
 Which in my softer hours ye oft' have sworn,
 With rosy beauty far outblush'd the morn; 30
 Could you, untouch'd, this wretched object bear,
 And would not lost Panthea claim a tear?
 You could not, sure---tears from your eyes would steal,
 And unawares thy tender soul reveal.
 Ah! no;---thy soul with cruelty is fraught,
 No tenderness disturbs thy savage thought;
 Sooner shall tigers spare the trembling lambs,
 And wolves with pity hear their bleating dams;
 Sooner shall vultures from their quarry fly,
 Than false Alexis for Panthea sigh. 40
 Thy bosom ne'er a tender thought confest;
 Sure stubborn flint has arm'd thy cruel breast;
 But hardest flints are worn by frequent rains,
 And the soft drops dissolve their solid veins,
 While thy relentless heart more hard appears,
 And is not soften'd by a flood of tears.

Ah! what is love? Panthea's joys are gone,
 Her liberty, her peace, her reason flown!
 And when I view me in the wat'ry glass,
 I find Panthea now not what she was. 50

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As northern winds the new-blown roses blast,
And on the ground their fading ruins cast;
As sudden blights corrupt the ripen'd grain,
And of its verdure spoil the mournful plain;
So hapless love on blooming features preys,
So hapless love destroys our peaceful days.

Come, gentle Sleep! relieve these weary'd eyes,
All sorrow in thy soft embraces dies:

There, spite of all thy perjur'd vows, I find
Faithless Alexis languishingly kind: 60

Sometimes he leads me by the mazy stream,
And pleasingly deludes me in my dream;

Sometimes he guides me to the secret grove,
Where all our looks, and all our talk, is love.

Oh could I thus consume each tedious day,
And in sweet slumbers dream my life away!

But sleep, which now no more relieves these eyes
To my sad soul the dear deceit denies.

Why does the sun dart forth his cheerful rays?

Why do the woods resound with warbling lays? 70

Why does the rose her grateful fragrance yield,

And yellow cowslips paint the smiling field?

Why do the streams with n. arm'ring music flow?

And why do groves their friendly shade bestow?

Let sable clouds the cheerful sun deface,

Let mournful silence seize the feather'd race;

No more, ye Roses! grateful fragrance yield;

Droop, droop, ye Cowslips! in the blasted field;

Nor more, ye streams! with murm'ring music flow,
 And let not groves a friendly shade bestow : 80
 With sympathizing grief let Nature mourn,
 And never know the youthful Spring's return :
 And shall I never more Alexis see?
 Then what is spring, or grove, or stream to me.

Why sport the skipping lambs on yonder plain?
 Why do the birds their tuneful voices strain?
 Why frisk those heifers in the cooling grove?
 Their happier life is ignorant of love.

Oh! lead me to some melancholy cave,
 To lull my sorrows in a living grave; 90
 From the dark rock where dashing waters fall,
 And creeping ivy hangs the craggy wall,
 Where I may waste in tears my hours away,
 And never know the seasons or the day,
 Die, die, Panthea!---fly this hateful grove,
 For what is life without the swain I love? 96

ARAMINTA.

AN ELEGY.

Now Phœbus rose, and with his early beams
 Wak'd slumb'ring Delia from her pleasing dreams;
 Her wishes by her fancy were supply'd,
 And in her sleep the nuptial knot was ty'd.
 With secret joy she saw the morning ray
 Chequer the floor, and thro' the curtains play;

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The happy morn that shall her bliss complete,
And all her rivals' envious hopes defeat.
In haste she rose, forgetful of her prayers,
Flew to the glass, and practis'd o'er her airs ; 10
Her new-set jewels round her robe are plac'd,
Some in a brilliant buckle bind her waist,
Some round her neck a circling light display,
Some in her hair diffuse a trembling ray :
The silver knot o'erlooks the Mechlen lace,
And adds becoming beauties to her face ;
Brocaded flow'rs o'er the gay mantua shine,
And the rich stays her taper shape confine :
Thus all her dress exerts a graceful pride,
And sporting Love surround th' expecting bride, 20
For Daphnis now attends the blushing maid,
Before the priest their solemn vows are paid ;
This day, which ends at once all Delia's cares,
Shall swell a thousand eyes with tears.
Cease, Araminta ! 'tis in vain to grieve,
Canst thou from Hymen's bonds the youth retrieve ?
Disdain his perjuries, and no longer mourn ;
Recall my love, and find a sure return.

But still the wretched maid no comfort knows
And with resentment cherishes her woes : 30
Alone she pines, and in these mournful strains
Of Daphnis' vows and her own fate complains.

Was it for this I sparkl'd at the play,
And loitter'd in the ring whole hours away ?

When if thy charriot in the circle shone,
 Our mutual passion by our looks was known;
 Thro' the gay crowd my watchful glances flew,
 Where'er I pass thy grateful eyes pursue.

Ah! faithless Youth! too well you saw my pain,
 For eyes the language of the soul explain. 40

Think, Daphnis! think, that scarce five days are fled,
 Since (O false tongue!) those treach'rous things you
 How did you praise my shape and graceful air! [said;
 And woman thinks all compliments sincere.
 Didst thou not then in rapture speak thy flame,
 And in soft sighs breathe Araminta's name?
 Didst thou not then with oaths thy passion prove,
 And with an awful trembling say---I love?

Ah! faithless Youth! too well you saw my pain,
 For eyes the language of the soul explain. 50

How couldst thou thus, ungrateful Youth! deceive?
 How could I thus, unguarded Maid! believe?
 Sure thou canst well recall that fatal night,
 When subtle love first enter'd at my sight.
 When in the dance I was thy partner chose,
 Gods! what a rapture in my bosom rose!
 My trembling hand my sudden joy confess'd,
 My glowing cheeks a wounded heart express'd;
 My looks spoke love; while you, with ans'ring eyes,
 In killing glances made as kind replies. 60
 Think, Daphnis! think what tender things you said,
 Think what confusion all my soul betray'd.

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You call'd my graceful presence Cynthia's air,
And when I sung, the Syrens charm'd your ear:
My flame blown up by flatt'ry stronger grew,
A gale of love in ev'ry whisper flew.

Ah! faithless Youth! too well you saw my pain,
For eyes the language of the soul explain.

Whene'er I dress'd, my maid, who knew my flame,
Cherish'd my passion with thy lovely name; 70

Thy picture in her talk so lively grew,
That thy dear image rose before my view:
She dwelt whole hours upon thy shape and mien,
And wounded Delia's fame to sooth my spleen:
When she beheld me at the name grow pale,
Straight to thy charms she chang'd her artful tale;
And when thy matchless charms were quite run o'er,
I bid her tell the pleasing tale once more.

Oh! Daphnis! from thy Araminta fled!
Oh! to my love for ever, ever dead! 80

Like death, his nuptials all my hope remove,
And ever part me from the man I love.

Ah! faithless Youth! too well you saw my pain,
For eyes the language of the soul explain.

O might I by my cruel fate be known
In some retreat far from this hateful town!
Vain Dress, and glaring Equipage! adieu;
Let happier nymphs those empty shows pursue,
Me let some melancholy shade surround,
Where not the print of human step is found, 90

In thy gay dance my feet no more shall move,
 But bear me faintly thro' the lonely grove;
 No more these hands shall o'er the spinet bound,
 And from the sleeping string call forth the sound:
 Music! adieu; farewell, Italian airs!
 The croaking raven now shall sooth my cares.
 On some old ruin lost in thought I rest,
 And think how Araminta once was blest;
 There o'er and o'er thy letters I peruse,
 And all my grief in one kind sentence lose: 100
 Some tender line by chance my woe beguiles,
 And on my cheek a short-liv'd pleasure smiles.
 Why is this dawn of joy? flow, tears again;
 Vain are these oaths, and all these vows are vain:
 Daphnis, alas! the Gordian knot has ty'd,
 Nor force nor cunning can the band divide.

Ah! faithless Youth! since eyes the soul explain,
 Why knew I not that artful tongue could feign? 108

AN ELEGY.

ON A LAPDOG.

SHOCK's fate I mourn; poor Shock is now no more;
 Ye Muses! mourn; ye Chambermaids! deplore.
 Unhappy Shock! yet more unhappy fair,
 Doom'd to survive thy joy and only care.

Thy wretched fingers now no more shall deck
And tie the fav'rite riband round his neck ;
No more thy hand shall smooth his glossy hair,
And comb the wavings of his pendant ear.
Yet cease thy flowing grief forsaken Maid !
All mortal pleasures in a moment fade ; 10
Our surer hope is in an hour destroy'd,
And love, best gift of Heav'n, not long enjoy'd.

Methinks I see her frantic with despair,
Her streaming eyes, wrung hands, and flowing hair ;
Her Mechlen pinnners rent the floor bestrow,
And her torn fan gives real signs of woe.
Hence Superstition ! that tormenting guest,
That haunts with fancy'd fears the coward breast ;
No dread events upon this fate attend,
Stream eyes no more, no more thy tresses rend. 20
Tho' certain omens oft' forewarn a state,
And dying lions show the monarch's fate,
Why should such fears bid Celia's sorrow rise ?
For when a Lap-dog falls no Lover dies.

Cease, Celia, cease ; restrain thy flowing tears,
Some warmer passion will dispel thy cares.
In man you'll find a more substantial bliss,
More grateful toying, and a sweeter kiss.

He's dead. Oh ! lay him gently in the ground !
And may his tomb be by this verse renown'd ; 30
Here Shock, the pride of all his kind, is laid,
Who fawn'd like man, but ne'er like man betray'd. 32

GONDIBERT.

A POEM.*

[CONTINUED FROM SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT.]

BOOK III. CANTO VII.

The Argument.

The Duke to solitude and shades retires :
Young Goltho burns with lewd unhallow'd fires :
The priests the nuptial rites prepare in vain,
Bad news arriving from the Brescian plain.

I.

AND now the gentle Duke, with all his train,
And Rhodalind, to splendid courts repair,
Where Aribert designs a son to gain,
Whose worth the greatest of his peers declare.

II.

He gives him honours won by merit true,
And praise (most grateful food of worthy minds)

* Though we do not pretend to give the following as the production of Mr. Gay, yet as we had them from a person of undoubted veracity, who assures us that they were found among his papers after his decease, and as many marks of correction were made in them, so there is little doubt that they have undergone the inspection of that celebrated author.

Considering these things, and that the imitation seemed too good to be lost, we have, on mature deliberation, given these Cantos a place in this Work, and have the greatest hopes that they will prove agreeable to our readers. *Gay's Works*, Vol. IV. edit. 1773.

Canto

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Volume 1

And promise still of empire doth renew,
With vows dispers'd in air by envious winds.

III.

Him Gondibert with duteous speech address,
In loyal rev'rence to the kingly pow'r:--- 10
But cares corrode his sad and tortur'd breast,
Which ev'ry blossom of his hopes devour.

IV.

The wounds of love deep in his bosom fix'd:
Immortal love that triumphs over all,
With conscious worth and tenderness commix'd,
For high-born Rhodalind his mind enthrall:

V.

He thinks on bloody battles vainly fought,
(For vain is honour gain'd where peace is lost)
And rues the ills which blind Ambition wrought,
And lovers in their dearest wishes crost. 20

VI.

Yet deems he Arnold's fate untimely slain,
And Hugo's, resting in the silent tomb,
A happier chance than theirs who live in vain,
And hopeless wither in their early bloom.

VII.

And oft' he wishes that his partial lot
Had plac'd him on some unfrequented shore,
Or giv'n him, tranquil, in the rural cot,
To her whose charms he did with zeal adore.

VIII.

Birtha---whom far beyond ambition's flame
 He priz'd ;---whose love by him alone possest, 30
 Beyond the thirst of glory or of fame
 Inspires his soul and animates his breast.

IX.

Each object now a splendid grace assumes,
 And strives to tempt him with the pleasing glare :
 Deck'd in their costliest robes and richest plumes,
 The supple courtiers flatt'ring strains prepare.

X.

All gay and rich,---but far above the rest
 Imperial Rhodalind in beauty shone,
 As the fair moon that, bright'ning in the east,
 Outshines the stars which deck her ev'ning throne. 40

XI.

On Gondibert she fix'd her ardent eye ;
 On him her thought, on him her soul, was bent ;
 Yet oft' her bosom heav'd an anxious sigh,
 And oft' her mind presag'd some sad event.

XII.

But he, ere yet his solemn troth he plights,
 Asks a short space to leave Verona's wall,
 And while the priests prepare the nuptial rites,
 To go where vows and pious duties call.

XIII.

A pilgrimage he feigns, (with ease believ'd)
 As vow'd in youth to a peculiar shrine ;

Canto

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The easy king, thus piously deceiv'd,
Grants his request, and lauds the just design.

XIV.

But he, to Birtha constant, soon withdrew
To where thick woods a lone recess afford :
A rural mansion rising to the view,
Receives him there, and hails its ancient lord.

XV.

'Twas where in early youth he wont retire,
To woo sweet Solitude, and taste her charms,
Ere yet his bosom caught the martial fire,
Ere yet his name was great in deeds of arms. 60

XVI.

From hence he soon dispatch'd a trusty slave
To proud Verona, and the neighb'ring plain,
To summon all his try'd companions brave,
Who in the city or the camp remain.

XVII.

To Hurgonil, his sister Orna's knight,
To Tybalt, great of soul, and fam'd afar
For prudent youth;---to Goltho, fierce in fight,
Friends of his house, and partners of the war.

XVIII.

Among the rest, a chief there was who late
Return'd from northern climes, with glory crown'd,
Who the rough Vandals follow'd like their fate, 70
And bore the mark of many an honest wound.

XIX.

He once aspir'd to Rhodalinda's charms,
But, early slighted, left the cruel fair,
And sought in fighting fields, by glorious arms,
To woo a kinder mistress in the war.

XX.

He came with Hurgonil;---the rest in vain
Were summon'd; save the loyal youthful page,
Who sped directly from the Brescian plain,
With news of ill import and hostile rage. 30

XXI.

But leave we Gondibert consulting these,
And what befel the youthful chiefs declare;
What foes did Ulfinore and Goltho seize,
Caught in the wiles of a deceitful fair.

XXII.

Goltho, who late had to the palace come,
Revolving Dalga's beauties in his mind,
Perceiv'd his heart had stray'd too far from home,
To follow which his body soon inclin'd.

XXIII.

And when he heard the prince's will declar'd
To quit the court, full glad the news to know, 90
He vows no motive shall his course retard,
On a more luckless errand bent to go.

XXIV.

Black Delga's house he sought, nor sought in vain,
Nor could he long her wish'd appearance wait;

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So ready did the fair deceiver deign
To give him welcome at her open gate.

XXV.
And much enquir'd she of his health and weal,
And much rejoic'd for his unhop'd return;
Feigning such joys as youthful lovers feel,
And flames which in most constant bosoms burn.

XXVI.
Nor wanted fit excuse for the same flaw
Which Ufinore had in her story found;
But blames the rigid sentence of the law,
Which (as she pleads) hertongue from truth had bound.

XXVII.
"I own," said she, (and tears her words succeed)
"That not my mother, but a wealthy youth
"Found entrance here, whose acts my anguish breed,
"And for whose sake you must suspect my truth.

XXVIII.
"The wretch once sought me for his wedded wife,
"My brother still his forward suit withstood; 110
"But since in fighting fields he lost his life,
"This hated suitor hath his siege renew'd.

XXIX.
"Sprung from one stock, he bears our ancient name,
"And since by vile devices hath he wrought
"To our paternal fiefs to lay his claim,
"And by his bribes a cruel sentence bought.

M 51j

XXX.

" All that my mother or myself did hold,
 " The eruel law hath to this fiend convey'd,
 " And thence his desp'rate suit hath render'd bold,
 " Against a widow and an artless maid. 120

XXXI.

" So if his visits I refuse, he swears
 " To chase us from our ancient lov'd abode,
 " To give us up to poverty and fears,
 " And seize on all that Fortune hath bestow'd.

XXXII.

" No other way, alas! for me remains,
 " But him to wed whom from my soul I hate,
 " Or quit at once my rich and fair domains,
 " And rove, abandon'd to my evil fate."

XXXIII.

Golto is touch'd;---he swears to plead her cause
 With royal Aribert, whose just award 130
 Might stand between her and the rigid laws,
 And prove her injur'd virtue's surest guard,

XXXIV.

And now they hasten from the crowded town
 To rural seats, with Nature's bounty fair
 Bedeck'd, where Dalga swears his wish to crown,
 And leads him heedless to a fatal snare.

XXXV.

But that the good and virtuous Ulfnore,
 (Friend of his heart, tho' rival of his love)

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Disguis'd attends him at the fatal door,
Their parting sees, and follows where they move. 140

XXXVI.

But turn we where the royal bride awaits,
And long expectant, courts the slow-pac'd hours,
While Aribert, unknowing of the Fates,
Bids constant watch attend Verona's tow'rs:

XXXVII.

And these, at length, the Duke's approach declare,
Seen from a far as moving to the gates
With purple streamers waving in the air,
And all the pomp that noble bridegrooms waits.

XXXVIII.

Straight to the temple haste the busy throng;
Some Hymen call and some the god of Love, 150
While the grave priests in far more sacred song
Address the mighty Pow'r that reigns above.

XXXIX.

Now sunk the sun;---with solemn pace and slow
Dim Night advanc'd; but on her deepest shade
Eclips'd the fires which thro' the city glow,
And second day by gleaming torches made.

XL.

These thro' the gloom fling forth a lengthen'd blaze,
And on the distant walls and turrets bright
Shines like the new-ris'n moon, with trembling rays,
Piercing the sable veil of dusky Night. 160

XLI.

The trumpets speak : the minstrelsy reply ;
 And mingl'd crowds the clam'rous joy resound ;
 The notes ascending to the heav'ns high,
 Thro' vaulted ether spread the pealing sound.

XLII.

And still on Gondibert the people call ;
 His name the burden of their grateful song,
 To him whose valour wrought proud Oswald's fall,
 A warlike band the echoing strains prolong.

XLIII.

While he, far distant, in unhappy plight,
 By friends deserted, and by foes oppress'd, 170
 Counts the long hours of that disastrous night,
 Which now appear'd in fearful horrors dress'd.

XLIV.

Ev'n where joy revell'd high without control,
 Rag'd the loud tempest, which their clamours drown'd,
 The livid lightnings flash from either pole,
 And roaring thunders rend the blue profound.

XLV.

Amid this storm which prodigies enhanc'd,
 Seen by the dreadful meteors' bloody glare,
 A wounded soldier to the walls advanc'd,
 Whose looks the import of his speech declare.

XLVI.

Of dreadful deeds he told, and dangers near,
 No less than threat the ancient city's harm,

And fill fair Rhodalind with pallid fear,
Such as of old did Perseus' bride alarm.

XLVII.

When des'prate Phineus, rushing on his fate,
Claim'd fair Andromeda, for whom he burn'd
And ent'ring where the bidden guests were sate,
The marriage-feast to scenes of slaughter turn'd.

XLVIII.

By him the fair, deserted at her need,
From a dread monster valiant Perseus won; 120
He claim'd the bride who durst not claim the deed,
And for th' unjust attempt was turn'd to stone.

XLIX.

So vain is joy, a quickly-fading flow'r,
A cloud still passing with each wind away,
A fleeting dream, the pageant of an hour,
A transient beam of visionary day.

L.

Far, far from Gondibert the phantom hy'd,
Far from the crowd, whose shoots resound his name,
Far from the monarch and the promis'd bride,
To whom too soon the fatal message came. 200

LI.

But now the city and her train we leave,
To seek the Duke and make his fortunes known;
And how the rest the dreadful news receive
Shall be in the succeeding Cantos shown.

GONDIBERT,
BOOK III. CANTO VIII.

The Argument.

Rhodolpho's character; his high desert,
And league concluded with Duke Gondibert,
Whose enemies a quick revenge prepare,
Which he prevents by Orgo's friendly care.
The secret ambush of the treach'rous foe
The Duke eludes, and reaches Bergamo.

I.

IN awful solitude of woodland shade
The Duke the issue of his charge attends,
And blames the counsel now too long delay'd,
And the long absence of his tardy friends.

II.

At length his lov'd Count Hurgonil he spy'd,
Who from the lofty city bent his course,
With young Rhodolpho journeying by his side,
Whose ardent mind outwent his steed's swift course.

III.

A youth he was of high and noble race,
Portly and tall, of inborn worth possest;
But temp'ring dignity with such a grace,
As might have warm'd the tend'rest female breast.

IV.

And on his brow such awe majestic sate,
As seem'd to speak him born for high command;
Tho' now for many a moon the sport of Fate,
A willing exile from his native land.

Canto V.

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V.

The fair Italian fields and regions bright
Where Adice flows swiftly to the main,
He left to climb the rugged Alpine height,
And chase the Vandals on the barren plain. 20

VI.

Return'd with conquest from the foe subdu'd,
The youthful victor sought his ancient seat,
And Rhodalind again he had pursu'd,
And laid his spoils and trophies at her feet;

VII.

But that he heard Duke Gondibert had won
The peerless princess, bright in blooming charms;
Saw sumptuous feasts prepar'd, and rites begun,
To give his mistress to the hero's arms.

VIII.

And common Fame reported, for her love
How Gondibert had mighty Oswald slain, 30
And stain'd with noble blood the peaceful grove,
Bestrew'd with heroes from the Brescian plain.

IX.

But Gondibert full soon his fears dispels,
And ancient leagues of amity renew'd,
His own strange tale the generous hero tells,
And what ill fate his constant love pursu'd.

X.

And then by solemn pacts the warriors bind
Their mutual vows each other's cause to aid,

Till the young chief possess his Rhodalind,
And Gondibert espouse his fav'rite maid.

40

XI.

Meanwhile the Duke for other aid delays
The fleeting hours, as fully he intends
All intercessors he can move to raise,
And try the int'rest of his ancient friends.

XII.

For as he knew the grief and inly rage
Which would his prince and Rhodalind inflame,
He sought all means that might the storm assuage,
And still preserve his loyalty and fame.

XIII.

And now the prey of anxious thoughts he lies,
Contending passions lab'ring in his breast,
While tow'rd's the shade the youthful Orgo hies,
Whose looks the tenor of his news exprest.

50

XIV.

He tells how Hubert thither bends his course,
With furious Borgio, and a desp'rate train,
All chosen warriors of experienc'd force,
Drawn from the squadrons on the Brescian plain.

XV.

Ev'n while he spoke, loud bursting shouts from far,
Mix'd with the shrill-ton'd trumpets' dreadful sound,
Pronounc'd the presage of approaching war,
Which mov'd on diff'rent sides to hem them round.

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XVI.

And first to flight the faithful Orgo mov'd
His honour'd lord; but he the thought disdain'd,
And brave Rhodolpho the advice reprov'd,
And other counsel taught, whilst other hope remain'd.

XVII.

" Not far from hence, (said he) a chosen few
" Lie camp'd, my trusty followers in the field;
" If these the present need and danger knew,
" They would a sure and speedy succour yield:

XVIII.

" To them let swift-pac'd Orgo instant go,
" Where by yon' grove encamp'd the warriors lie, 70
" Ere yet th' approaches of the circling foe
" Cut off that hope, and all access deny."

XIX.

This counsel pleas'd; and swift as fly the darts,
When with full strength is strain'd the crooked yew,
Hastes the brave youth, whose love such speed imparts,
As from the bending grass scarce strikes the pearly dew.

XX.

Meanwhile the heroes scan, with cautious eye,
All measures and advantage of the ground,
And ev'ry posture of the troops descry,
Whose crescent form grew verging to a round. 80

XXI.

" Ah! now, (cry'd Hurgonil) we want the might
" Of Tybalt, dreaded chief, and many more,

“ Who in yon’ city wait th’ approach of night,
 “ With Goltho brave, and prudent Ulfinoe.

XXII.

“ I deem’d, (said Gondibert) these should have
 grac’d

“ My rural mansion, and our counsels shar’d;
 “ But where my strongest confidence was plac’d,
 “ My stronger destiny the hope has marr’d.

XXIII.

“ But you, brave Chiefs! who in this dang’rous hour
 “ To my uncertain fates have link’d your own, 90
 “ Be witness you if valour yield to pow’r,
 “ Or if your friend deserve to fall alone.

XXIV.

“ Ev’n here will we the coming foe abide,
 “ Till faithful Orgo bring the promis’d aid,
 “ Then shall our fortune in fair field be try’d,
 “ And wounds with wounds be plenteously repaid.”

XXV.

Thus while he speaks, the deaf’ning shouts increase,
 Till from the foe an embassy there came,
 Borne by a comely youth, in robes of peace
 Array’d---and Sibert was the warrior’s name 100

XXVI.

Of late aspiring Oswald’s favour’d friend,
 While Oswald Fortune’s lucky ensigns wore,
 He now on Hubert’s person did attend,
 And to Duke Gondibert his message bore

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XXVII.

Coop'd in a narrow place the Duke he found,
Unlike those proud pavilions where of late
He sat sublime with victor laurels crown'd,
And thence to captive chiefs dispens'd their fate.

XXVIII.

" Prince, (said the youth) Lord Hubert now de-
" That you surrender up to his dispose [mands
" Yourself and these, and wait what new commands
" He shall from high Verona's tow'rs impose: 112

XXIX.

" For to the city next he bends his way,
" Whither his Brescians are already gone,
" And there presumes, before the rising day,
" To be declar'd the king's adopted son.

XXX.

" For you, your life is safe; and these your train,
" If they submit, shall gracious treatment find:
" Our force is such as makes resistance vain,
" And your's, like chaff, must scatter in the wind. 126

XXXI.

" 'Tis well, (said Gondibert) your speech you frame
" In artful guise; but for the terms you bear,
" Go tell Lord Hubert that my valu'd fame
" Makes me reject them and prefer the war.

XXXII.

" Successless Prince! when from his eagle-flight
" His ill-starr'd brother fell, who soar'd in vain,

Gay.]

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“ Thinks he to match his more unequal might,
 “ And win those honours Oswald could not gain ?

XXXIII.

“ Bid him revolve that chief's untimely fate,
 “ And his own foil, twice conquer'd in the field, 130
 “ The train of evils which on war await,
 “ And bitter fruits that wild ambition yield.

XXXIV.

“ That we are few, it is our pride and boast,
 “ Tho' more than these perhaps shall meet his arms,
 “ A worthy conquest for as great an host,
 “ All train'd to war, and bred amidst alarms.

XXXV.

“ And know, whate'er betide, whoever here
 “ Should us assault, whoe'er wish'd aid deny,
 “ We scorn to yield thro' base unmanly fear :
 “ Too few to conquer, we're enough to die.” 140

XXXVI.

Thus answer'd, Sibert from the spot withdrew,
 (His terms rejected) and a sign display'd,
 On which the hostile squadrons came in view,
 And march'd, far stretching from the sylvan shade.

XXXVII.

But as their troops advanc'd in loose array,
 Deeming the rural mansion to invest,
 Lo! from the point where glows the setting day,
 Young Orgo speedily his pace address'd ;

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XXXVIII.

And close behind, in well-rang'd files were seen,
Rhodolpho's train, a small but faithful band, 150
With measur'd steps swift gliding o'er the green,
To aid their gen'ral, and his foes withstand.

XXXIX.

No longer Gondibert nor he remain
Within the limits of their narrow bound,
But pass the wood swift issuing on the plain,
And leave behind, with scorn, the rural mound.

XL.

Close follows Hurgonil with steady pace,
Who gladly mixes with those leaders brave,
That young Rhodolpho's warlike legions grace,
And on their shoulders wore the scarfs he gave. 160

XLI.

Among those chiefs stood Adelmar the sage,
Cherbert and Rollo, not unknown to fame,
With many a knight, the flow'r of all that age,
The pride and glory of the Lombard name.

XLII.

On these Prince Hubert pour'd his warriors down,
Out-numb'ring by the half their scanty band,
But the stout few, whom dear-bought laurels crown'd,
Abide their fury, and the shock withstand:

XLIII.

Till raging Borgio, barb'rous, fierce, and bold,
Gualthierus, and gigantic Melador, 170

Thro' op'ning lines their course resistless hold,
And mark the roads they pass with streams of gore.

XLIV.

First fell two youths, with honest wounds o'erspread,
Whom late from Gaul the great Rhodolpho brought,
But now the Tuscan land receives them dead,
And gives that honour which in life they sought.

XLV.

Cherbert the next a dang'rous wound receiv'd,
Full on his breast, and there had sunk to-night,
But that Rodolpho's timely aid reliev'd,
Who straight rush'd dreadful to the scene of fight. 180

XLVI.

And near him Gondibert with Orgo stood,
Who yet in war ne'er flesh'd his maiden sword,
This hour he dy'd it deep in warrior's blood,
And then fell bravely fighting by his lord:

XLVII.

For now as Melador's and Borgio's force
Were join'd, at Gondibert to strike amain,
The youth oppos'd his breast to Borgio's force,
While by his lord bold Melador was slain.

XLVIII.

The giant sunk untimely to his grave,
Like some tall pine, struck by celestial fires; 190
While Borgio curs'd the erring blow he gave
As from the Duke he sullenly retires.

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XLIX.

And, but Gualthierus' ready aid was near,
His father's offspring by a foreign bed,
Here he had run his last of life's career,
And swell'd the growing number of the dead.

L.

But now so variously the combat bleeds,
That Fame, tho' all her tongues should give them breath,
Could not express the bold and warlike deeds
Of warriors raging thro' this field of death. 200

LI.

At length, while yet the sun's revolving ray
Wheel'd round the ocean's brim with trembling light,
The battle swerv'd with the declining day,
And Gondibert succeeded in the fight.

LII.

And perfect victor had the Duke remain'd,
But that Prince Hubert privately retir'd,
And long before the camp at Brescia gain'd,
Whence he return'd with double fury fir'd.

LIII.

By secret ways his chosen band he draws,
Till in a snare their enemies they thrall, 210
Who feel th' effect, discerning not the cause,
And die, unknowing by what hands they fall.

LIV.

But soon Rodolpho and the Duke could tell
The fatal guile, and found their struggle vain,

But by the first of them had Hubert fell,
Yet that he fenc'd him with a heap of slain.

LV.

As thus the chiefs contend, a veil of clouds
(While thunders roll and gath'ring show'rs descend)
Alike the vanquish'd and the victor shrouds,
Yet in the storm the eager troops contend.

220

LVI.

But now a chosen few the Duke selects,
With whom he pierces Hubert's thick array,
And while the fav'ring storm his rear protects,
Thro' all the fighting ranks he wins his way:

LVII.

Nor stops, till Bergamo's white tents he spies,
Deck'd with the radiance of ascending morn,
And enters there, what time the shepherds rise,
And early huntsmen wind the shrill-ton'd horn.

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GONDIBERT,

BOOK III. CANTO IX.

The Argument.

Black Dalga's wiles full timely do explore
Brave Sigbert and prudent Ufinore:
Them Goltio loses in a winding way,
And falls to barb'rous Borgio's troops a prey.
Hubert's design upon Verona's tow'rs
Disclos'd with horror in the gloomy hour:
Sage Aribert in vain consults his Peers,
The council broken amidst panic fears.

I.

ALAS! that man, creation's glorious lord,
And bless'd with sway supreme o'er sea and land,
With wisdom's wealth should be so thinly stor'd,
As by an harlot's smiles to be trepann'd.

II.

In vain he boasts him of his strength and pow'r,
In vain the image of his Maker wears,
If prone to evil in the dang'rous hour,
He falls a prey to penitence and tears.

III.

Who that had seen young Goltio's force in fight,
Who that had known the virtues of his youth,
Had thought he held them both so cheap and light,
To risk his safety on a harlot's truth?

IV.

To sacrifice his worth at such a shrine,
To waste his hours in dalliance at her side,

To call her Angel, Goddess most divine,
Whom hell's black monarch had so deeply dy'd?

v.

Yet he, forgetful of the counsel sage
Which Ulfinore so gen'rously had giv'n,
Attends on Dalga, thro' an unknown road,
While the broad sun declin'd the steep of heav'n. 20

vi.

Thro' winding mazy paths sometimes they past,
Sometimes o'er forests wild they bend their way,
A spacious dome receives them at the last,
Where all was deck'd for joy and am'rous play.

vii.

Blithe as a bridegroom rushing to his love,
Young Goltho hastes to quench his wanton fires,
Whilst other thoughts black Delga's bosom move,
Intent on other schemes than fost'ring fond desires.

viii.

The youth whom Ulfinore had first descry'd
Resort with welcome to her open gate, 30
That self-same youth had Goltho strictly ey'd,
And sought to work him an untimely fate.

ix.

Friend to Prince Oswald, mortal hate he bore
To all that sought Duke Gondibert to aid,
And on his brow a dreadful frown he wore,
Till Delga all her wily tale display'd.

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X.

" Think not, my Love, (said she) that hated race
" Who with your house hold enmity so great,
" Shall e'er with me find favour, love, or grace,
" But rather death and sure destruction meet. 40

XI.

" Yet let him hither come, and bring his gold,
" And jewels store, to purchase evil chance,
" No back-returning steps shall you behold,
" If to my wish the headlong youth advance.

XII.

" For when again he hither bends his course,
" With him will I to lonely seats repair,
" So may you him entrap with guile or force,
" And take him heedless in an easy snare."

XIII.

The counsel pleas'd; and when young Goltho came,
With eager haste, to sate his am'rous fire, 50
Straight to her paramour the fraudulent dame
Dispatch'd the tidings, which his haste require.

XIV.

And he as soon, by Jealousy and Hate
Inspir'd, and Malice, eldest-born of Hell,
With two bold squires that on his fortune wait,
Rush on to meet the stroke by which he fell.

XV.

They leave Verona's lofty tow'rs behind,
And follow eagerly their evil game

With speed that seems t' outstrip the passing wind,
And leaves behind them honour, truth, and fame. 60

XVI.

Now had they pass'd the forests awful shade,
And now in view upon the open plain
Beheld the dome where Goltho, twice betray'd,
Was doom'd black Dalga's captive to remain :

XVII.

But ere they yet attain'd their destin'd place,
From a deep dell, all clad in green array,
Two knights came issuing forth with eager pace,
Then check'd their haste, and stood across the way.

XVIII.

Astolpho (so the treach'rous youth we name)
Who Goltho's glories sought t' eclipse ere noon, 70
Stopp'd short, starts backward with surprise and shame,
To find his early progress check'd so soon.

XIX.

Yet questions with himself if these be foes,
Or how his deep design they ere could scan,
Of which they learn, straight onward still he goes,
And soon a fierce and cruel fight began.

XX.

Him Ulfinoze well knowing, nothing spoke,
But at him aim'd aloft his Gothic lance,
Which thro' a faithful servant's harness broke,
That did in luckless hour his aid advance, 80

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XXI.

Stretch'd on the ground when lewd Astolpho view'd
His trusty squire, he chaff'd with double rage,
And made his steel drink deep his rivals blood,
And by his fall his anger sought t' assuage.

XXII.

But Ulfinoe not wounds or blood could tame;
In such a cause resolv'd to spend his breath,
To save his friend, to purchase honest fame,
And live victorious or be great in death.

XXIII.

And Sigibert his friend, with courage warm'd,
That other squire whom false Astolpho brought 90
Had overpower'd, and on the ground disarm'd,
His death deserv'd had with his poniard wrought.

XXIV.

When at that instant Ulfinoe wav'd high
His shining blade, which on Astolpho fell,
And ere brave Sigebert approach'd him nigh,
Had sent his treach'rous soul to deepest hell.

XXV.

These slain, the knights hold straight their onward road
To Dalga's mansion, where their friend they found,
Lost in the seas of joy which round him flow'd,
And rapt in music's soul-dissolving sound. 100

XXVI.

Fast on a couch beside him Dalga sate,
Her artful head reclining on his breast,

And round about the neat-hand damsels wait,
Whom now she bids prepare the sumptuous feast.

XXVII.

For gray-ey'd Twilight o'er the world had spread
Her dusky curtain, and the heaven's high
Had lost their last remains of parting red,
And dipp'd their mantle in a deeper dye.

XXVIII.

Straight in the hall a thousand glitt'ring fires
Shoot forth like meteors to adorn the night, 110
And bring new day, when Phœbus' car retires,
On western shores to dart his welcome light.

XXIX.

Ev'n now the sorc'ress rears a massy bowl,
Replete with juices of the purple vine,
Which hides beneath fell drugs and poisons foul,
Mix'd with the spirit of the gen'rous wine.

XXX.

Unheeding Golpho to his lips had rear'd
The dreadful potion, with a gentle smile,
When Ulfnore and Sigebert appear'd,
Seiz'd the fell Dalga, and disclos'd her guile. 120

XXXI.

The bowl they wrested from their wond'ring friend,
To his vile mistress instant they preferr'd,
Who tells them death doth on the draught attend,
And owns that death she has herself incurr'd.

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XXXII.

For long Astolpho's coming did she wait,
On Goltho's head who should have wreck'd his ire,
But when no such approach'd her open gate,
She doom'd the youth by poison to expire.

XXXIII.

And by that draught (so Heav'n divinely wrought)
Which for her guest she foully did intend, 130
By that same draught her own fall now is wrought,
Which brings her soon to an unpity'd end.

XXXIV.

Her wicked damsels straightway fled amain,
And the rich house, and all its bravest store,
The spoils of nymphs decoy'd and heroes slain,
Remain'd to Goltho and to Ulfinoe.

XXXV.

But no such bawbles charm their longing eyes:
Not wealth they seek, but quit the house of Guile,
Nor wish to make the golden hoards their prize,
Gain'd by the triumphs of an harlot's smile. 140

XXXVI.

With haste the hated mansion did they leave,
And o'er the lawn, and thro' the forest sped,
Where mazy paths their wand'ring steps deceive,
By the faint glimm'ring of the starlight led.

XXXVII.

While thus perplex'd and unresolv'd they stood,
Seeking in vain some human track t'explore,

Gay.]

O ij

The south winds whistl'd wildly thro' the wood,
And distant thunders roll'd with solemn roar.

XXXVIII.

Meteors, forboding storms, with horrid glare
Gilt the dun horrors of approaching night, 150
A dismal radiance darting thro' the air,
A dire effulgence and unwelcome light.

XXXIX.

And nearer still as the rude tempest drew,
Still farther tow'rd's the forest's chequer'd shade
The youths approach, while at each step they view
The horrors of the awful scene display'd.

XL.

" Yet here, (said Ulfino) let not our hearts
" Sink in despair, which erst amidst alarms
" Have never fail'd, while show'rs of hostile darts
" Pour'd like this tempest on our shatter'd arms." 160

XLI.

Thus while he spoke, thick globes of hail descend,
And all the winds of heav'n their forces try;
Vast dreadful sheets of livid fire extend
From either pole, and blaze along the sky.

XLII.

To the loud winds the louder thunders roar
Responsive, while the hail's continu'd sound,
With all the storms that from the heav'ns pour,
The rattling branches thro' the wood resound:

XLIH.

And swelling waters bursting from each rill,
In flowing torrents coursing thro' the shade, 170
With murm'rings hoarse, the troubl'd welkin fill,
And the vex'd ear with deaf'ning sounds invade.

XLIV.

" Methinks the Pow'rs above, (said Goltho, then)
" Resolve to shake this globe's substantial base,
" And hurl swift ruin on the sons of men,
" Long try'd an impious and ungodly race :

XLV.

" Else why these pealing sounds, these sheets of flame,
" And heav'n's eternal sluices open'd round ?
" This heavy gloom that wraps th' ethereal frame,
" And these rude shocks that shake the solid ground ?"

XLVI.

For as he spoke the rending glebe gave way, 181
And fires infernal from beneath broke forth,
Disclosing horrid caves unknown to-day,
Deep in the bowels of the groaning earth.

XLVII.

" Brave Goltho, (then said Ulfinoe the sage)
" Ev'n 'midst the horrors of this dreadful scene,
" This boist'rous strife of elemental rage,
" The philosophic soul may sit serene.

XLVIII.

" What if the jarring seeds of Nature, pent
" In hollow caves, these dreadful shocks supply, 190

“ And bursting vapours struggling for a vent,
 “ Blaze in the upper and the nether sky ?

XLIX.

“ Or what if heav’n’s high pow’r in vengeance rise,
 “ To hurl these bolts that set the skies on fire ?
 “ What if th’ Almighty Mind these strokes devise,
 “ And groaning nations in the shock expire ?

L.

“ Think’st thou not Virtue can maintain her seat,
 “ Offspring belov’d of Heav’n’s eternal King ?
 “ Think’st thou such shocks can reach her blest retreat,
 “ Shelter’d behind the cherub Mercy’s wing. 200

LI.

“ No! let the coward guilty only fear,
 “ Whose conscious hearts reproach them from within;
 “ It is their place alone to tremble here,
 “ Who sink oppress’d beneath a load of sin.

LII.

“ Believe me, Goltho, not the roaring war
 “ Of yonder fiery cope, tho’ mov’d etern’,
 “ Can with the dreadful passions ere compare,
 “ That raging in unhallow’d bosoms burn.

LIII.

“ For these all in their place the lot fulfil, 209
 “ Which Heav’n to each most wisely hath assign’d,
 “ Whilst those tempestuous passions thwart the will,
 “ And cross the mandates of th’ Almighty Mind.”

LIV.

Touch'd with the words of one so wise and young,
Regardless of the storm brave Goltho walks,
Hangs on the accents falling from his tongue,
And ev'n when silent thinks that still he talks.

LV.

But now two paths full op'ning to the view,
To right and left, perplex'd the trav'lers stand,
Nor know which road to leave nor which pursue,
Alike they doubt to turn to either hand. 220

LVI.

One track led winding down a shelving dale,
All arch'd with bending branches over-head,
The other op'ning to the northern gale,
Wide and more wide its greenwood carpet spread.

LVII.

Goltho and Sigebert now first descend
The darkling dell, and its recess explore,
Whilst where the wid'ning shades more free extend,
With prudent step advanc'd brave Ulfinoe.

LVIII.

This done, they all appointed to return
To that same place where both the ways did meet,
And Ulfinoe, who early did discern 231
The open plain, turn'd back, his friend to greet.

LIX.

But when the spot he gain'd, in vain he sought
Those friends, for whom awhile he patient waits,

Revolving over in his anxious thought
The various perils of uncertain fates.

LX.

But, tir'd at length, he down the darkling dale
Moves with soft pace, and prudent eye askance,
Meas'ring the track where scoops the hollow vale,
And his firm steps supporting on his lance. 240

LXI.

So steers some vessel thro' the boiling deep,
While rocks, and shoals, and quicksands are in view,
Such cautious watch the steady pilots keep,
And guide what course to shun and what pursue;

LXII.

And ever and anon the boist'rous surge,
That swells to meet them, carefully avoids
Then with quick helm the answering vessel urge
To shun its rage on other billows bucy'd.

LXIII.

And now had Ulfimore, with weary pace,
• Trac'd many a rood of that same winding way, 250
Exploring as he went each secret place,
Each dell, impervious e'en to brightest day.

LXIV.

At length, emerging from the op'ning glade,
He reach'd the margin of a rising hill,
Whose verdant top was crown'd with leafy shade,
And at its foot there ran a murm'ring rill.

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LXV.

The winds were hush'd, and the loud thunder's roar
In feeble distant mutt'rings dy'd away,
The livid lightnings flashing now no more,
And night retir'd, pierc'd by Aurora's ray. 260

LXVI.

On the hill-top the gray dawn rested high,
Which many a wreath of purple did adorn,
Sol's sloping beams shot upward to the sky,
And the lark sang, the herald of the morn.

LXVII.

Glad earth reviv'd, and o'er her face was spread
The cheerful mantle of reviving green:
The leafy trees, each from his lofty head,
Distill'd drops, which glitt'ring fell serene.

LXVIII.

Nature rejoic'd! but still with downcast eye,
And heavy heart, foreboding future woe, 270
The prudent youth heaves fast the mournful sigh,
While half suppress'd the bursting sorrows flow.

LXIX.

Goltho he calls; his manly voice he rears,
Of't to its pitch, which hill and dale rebound,
The much-lov'd name each grot and cavern hears,
And Goltho echoes thro' the sylvan bound.

LXX.

But Goltho hears not, distant from his friend,
In evil plight he counts the lonely hours,

Doom'd long his fate uncertain to attend,
Coop'd in the duress of unfriendly tow'rs. 280

LXXI.

Far had he stray'd adown the winding track,
Resolv'd some outlet from its maze to find,
Then mounts the hill, but hasty turning back,
He saw surpris'd an arm'd band behind.

LXXII.

These by the bloody Borgia's captains led,
Rush'd bold and sudden from the op'ning glade;
And now so well their evil bus'ness sped,
The youths must perish, or be captive made.

LXXIII.

And they had perish'd, while with desp'rate force
They strove to penetrate the thick-rank'd foe, 290
But that they sunk beneath the trampling horse,
And thus were taken ev'n without a blow.

LXXIV.

These to the Brescian camp the chiefs convey'd,
Resolv'd to keep them as a pledge secure,
Where they in heavy chains were laid,
And must long pain and tedious hours endure.

LXXV.

But turn we now where Aribert awaits
Th' uncertain issue of disastrous war,
And in Verona's tow'rs th' assembled states
Debating sage with senetorial care. 300

LXXVI.

For on that dreadful night the news was spread,
That not the train of Gondibert drew near,
But Hubert's troops, by desp'rate Morcar led,
Which fill'd each bosom with a panic fear.

LXXVII.

For thro' all Lombardy was Morcar known
Of fiercest guise, disdaining still to yield,
And oft' his dreadful prowess had he shown,
In death and ruin on the foughten field.

LXXVIII.

But still more oft' the town's beleagur'd wall
Had seen him victor in remotest lands; 310
Nought joy'd him more than some rich city's fall,
With whose sack'd wealth to pay his savage bands.

LXXIX.

Nor age nor sex their boiling rage would spare,
But still their steps were mark'd with seas of blood;
Hence ev'ry foe must conquer or despair,
Where desp'rate Morcar's haughty ensign's stood.

LXXX.

Now well dissembling with a chosen few.
Who wav'd their purple ensigns to the sky,
He to Verona's lofty turrets drew,
Advancing Gondibert's rich standard high. 320

LXXXI.

For this he deem'd would soon admittance gain,
At such a time, when festal mirth went round;

Thus stratagem for once might force supply,
And Hubert's hopes with wish'd success be crown'd.

LXXXII.

The chief once enter'd 'midst the busy throng,
Soon might the rest effect their bold design;
Then should grim war succeed to mirthful song,
And Mars' dread feats takes place of rites divine.

LXXXIII.

But while he thus insidious wiles prepares,
A straggling soldier, roving o'er the plain, 330
Is caught unheeding in their hidden snares,
By such a force as makes resistance vain.

LXXXIV.

Yet the wise captive meeting art with art,
Pretends great love to Princely Hubert's side,
And offers many a secret to impart,
Which may against his foes' strong arms provide:

LXXXV.

For this too carelessly the guards attend,
On one devoted to their master's cause,
And while they slightly watch this new-made friend,
He tow'rd's the city suddenly withdraws. 340

LXXXVI.

Tho' not so safe he took his speedy flight
But that the foe his sly desertion found,
Whose troops pursu'd him thro' the shades of night,
And mark'd him o'er with many a ghastly wound.

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LXXXVII.

But yet the fugitive the city gains,
Tells all the snares the wily foe had laid,
Then spent with toil and agonizing pains,
He sinks at once, and mingles with the dead.

LXXXVIII.

Now the scar'd priests the rites prepar'd surcease :
To the loud trumpets' sound the timbrels yield: 350
The youths straight lay aside their weeds of peace,
And arm them quickly for the martial field.

LXXXIX.

While the grave old, and those whose rev'rend place,
Ranks them in council with Verona's peers,
In their long robes repair with slower pace,
To where its head the lofty palace rears ;

XC.

There awful met beneath their monarch's eye,
With prudent care they scan the sum of things ;
In state sublime, sage Aribert on high,
Weighs all advice that from their counsels springs. 360

XCI.

Thus in Verona pass the gloomy hours,
While tempests roar, and thunders rend the sky,
While dreaded earthquakes shake the nodding tow'rs,
And all the bulwarks tremble from on high.

XCII.

At length, while in debate the senate sate,
A shout so loud came echoing from a far,

That seem'd as if Verona's final fate
Hung on the peal that rent the wounded air.

XCIII.

A peal so loud, that the rude tempest's noise
Was lost and drown'd in its louder sound, 370
And such the swell of the sonorous voice,
As congregated waters' murm'ring sound.

XCIV.

Straight rise the peers, confusion fills the hall,
A thousand tongues at once rude clamour raise,
A thousand fears do ev'ry heart appal,
While each to learn the dreadful news essays.

XCV.

Of these strange tidings, and the stranger deeds
Of many a chief, Verona's boast and pride,
And still what further change to all succeeds,
And what grave words or bloody swords decide: 380

XCVI.

These in another Canto shall be shown,
But here our steeds awhile we mean to rein,
Like those of Sol, who leave his ev'ning throne,
And sleep with Thetis in the western main. 384

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MISCELLANIES.

W I N E * ;

▲ POEM.

Nulla placere diu, nec vivere carmina possunt,
Quae scibuntur aequae potioribus.

Hor.

Of happiness terrestrial, and the source
Whence human pleasures flow, sing, heavenly Muse;
Of sparkling juices, of th' enlivening grape,
Whose quick'ning taste adds vigour to the soul,
Whose sov'reign pow'r revives decaying nature,
And thaws the frozen blood of hoary Age,
A kindly warmth diffusing; youthful fires
Gild his dim eyes, and paint with ruddy hue
His wrinkl'd visage, ghastly wan before:
Cordial restorative to mortal man,
With copious hand by bount'ous gods bestow'd!
Bachus Divine! aid my advent'rous song,
"That with no middle flight intends to soar:"

* In a letter from Aaron Hill to Mr. Savage published in the former's Works, vol. I. p. 339, speaking of Mr. Gay, he has these words:---"That Poem you speak of, called *Wine*, he printed in the year 1710, as I remember. I am sure I have one among my pamphlets. I will look for it and send it you, if it will be of use or satisfaction to any gentleman of your acquaintance." This is the piece Mr. Hill mentions, and it is here printed from a copy of the original edition.

Gay.]

P ij

Inspir'd, sublime, on Pegasean wing,
 By thee upborne, I draw Miltonic air.
 When fummy vapours clog our loaded brows
 With furrow'd frowns, when stupid downcast eyes,
 Th' external symptoms of remorse within,
 Express our grief, or when in sullen dumps,
 With head incumbent on expanded palm, 20
 Moping we sit, in silent sorrow drown'd;
 Whether inveigling Hymen has trepann'd
 Th' unwary youth, and ty'd the Gordian knot
 Of jangling wedlock not to be dissolv'd;
 Worry'd all day by loud Xantippe's din,
 Who fails not to exalt him to the stars,
 And fix him there among the branched crew,
 (Taurus, and Aries, and Capricorn,
 The greatest monsters of the Zodiac)
 Or for the loss of anxious worldly pelf, 30
 Or Celia's scornful slights, and cold disdain,
 Which check'd his am'rous flame with coy repulse,
 The worst events that mortals can befall;
 By cares depress'd, in pensive hippish mood,
 With slowest pace the tedious minutes roll,
 Thy charming sight, but much more charming gust,
 New life incites, and warms our chilly blood.
 Straight with pert looks we raise our drooping fronts,
 And pour in crystal pure thy purer juice;
 With chearful countenance and steady hand 40
 Raise it lip-high, then fix the spacious rim

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To the expecting mouth;---with grateful taste
The ebbing wine glides swiftly o'er the tongue;
The circling blood with quicker motion flies:
Such is thy powerful influence, thou straight
Dispell'st those clouds that, louring dark, eclips'd
The whilom glories of the gladsome face;---
While dimpled cheek, and sparkling rolling eyes,
Thy cheering virtues and thy worth proclaim.
So mists and exhalations that arise 50
From "hills or steamy lake, dusky or grey,"
Prevail, till Phœbus sheds Titanian rays,
And paints their fleecy skirts with shining gold:
Unable to resist, the foggy damps,
That veil'd the surface of the verdant fields,
At the god's penetrating beams disperse;
The earth again in former beauty smiles,
In gaudiest livery drest, all gay and clear.

When disappointed Strephon meets repulse,
Scoff'd at, despis'd, in melancholic mood 60
Joyless he wastes in sighs the lazy hours,
Till reinforc'd by thy most potent aid
He storms the breach, and wins the beauteous fort.

To pay thee homage, and receive thy blessing,
The British seaman quits his native shore,
And ventures thro' the trackless, deep abyss,
Ploughing the ocean, while the upheav'd oak,
"With beaked prow rides tilting o'er the waves;"
Shock'd by tempestuous jarring winds, she rolls

In dangers imminent, till she arrives 70
 At those blest climes thou favour'st with thy presence.
 Whether at Lusitania's sultry coast,
 Or lofty Teneriff, Palma, Ferro,
 Provence, or at the Celtiberian shores,
 With gazing pleasure and astonishment,
 At Paradise (seat of our ancient sire)
 He thinks himself arriv'd : the purple grapes,
 In largest clusters pendant, grace the vines
 Innumerable : in fields grotesque and wild,
 They with implicit curls the oak entwine, 80
 And load with fruit divine his spreading boughs :
 Sight most delicious ! not an irksome thought,
 Or of left native isle, or absent friends,
 Or dearest wife, or tender sucking babe,
 His kindly-treach'rous mem'ry now presents ;
 The jovial God has left no room for cares.

Celestial Liquor ! thou that didst inspire
 Maro and Flaccus, and the Grecian bard,
 With lofty numbers, and heroic strains
 Unparallel'd, with eloquence profound,
 And arguments convictive, didst enforce
 Fam'd Tully, and Demosthenes renown'd :
 Ennius *, first fam'd in Latin song, in vain
 Drew Heliconian streams, ungrateful whet
 To jaded Muse, and oft', with vain attempt,

* An old Latin poet, of whom a more modern Roman bard, when reading his work made use of this expression. "I have been seeking for pearls in Ennius's dunghill."

Heroic acts, in flagging numbers dull,
 With pains essay'd; but, abject still and low,
 His unrecruited Muse could never reach
 The mighty theme, till, from the purple fount
 Of bright Lenæan fire, her barren drought 100
 He quench'd, and with inspiring nect'rous juice
 Her drooping spirits cheer'd:---aloft she tow'rs,
 Borne on stiff pennons, and of war's alarms,
 And trophies won, in loftiest numbers sings.
 'Tis thou the hero's breast to martial acts,
 And resolution bold, and ardour brave,
 Excit'st: thou check'st inglorious lolling ease,
 And sluggish minds with gen'rous fires inflam'st.
 O Thou! that first my quick'ned soul didst warm,
 Still with thy aid assist me, that thy praise, 110
 Thy universal sway o'er all the world,
 In everlasting numbers, like the theme,
 I may record, and sing thy matchless worth.

Had the Oxonian bard thy praise rehears'd,
 His Muse had yet retain'd her wonted height;
 Such as of late o'er Blenheim's field she soar'd
 Aërial: now in Ariconian bogs
 She lies inglorious, flound'ring, like her theme,
 Languid and faint, and on damp wing, immerg'd
 In acid juice, in vain attempts to rise.

With what sublimest joy from noisy town,
 At rural seat, Lucretius retir'd:
 Flaccus, untainted by perplexing cares,

Where the white poplar and the lofty pine
 Join neighb'ring boughs, sweet hospitable shade,
 Creating, from Phœbean rays secure,
 A cool retreat, with few well-chosen friends,
 On flowery mead recumbent, spent the hours
 In mirth innocuous, and alternate verse !
 With roses interwoven, poplar wreaths, 130
 Their temples bind, dress of sylvestrian gods !
 Choicest nectarean juice crown'd largest bowls,
 And overlook'd the brim, alluring sight,
 Of fragrant scent, attractive, taste divine !
 Whether from Formain grape depress'd Falern,
 Or Setin, Massic, Gauran, or Sabine,
 Lesbian, or Cœcuban, the cheering bowl
 Mov'd briskly round, and spurr'd their heighten'd wit
 To sing Mecænas' praise, their patron kind.

But we not as our pristine sires repair 140
 T' umbrageous grot or vale ; but when the sun
 Faintly from western skies his rays oblique
 Darts sloping, and to Thetis' watry lap
 Hastens in prone career, with friends select
 Swiftly we hie to Devil *, young or old,
 Jocund and boon ; where at the entrance stands
 A stripling, who with scrapes and humil cringe
 Greets us in winning speech, and accent bland :
 With lightest bound, and safe unerring step,
 He skips before, and nimbly climbs the stairs. 150

* The Devil-tavern, Temple-bar, frequented by his friends.

Melampus thus, panting with lolling tongue,
 And wagging tail, gambols and frisks before
 His sequent lord, from pensive walk return'd,
 Whether in shady wood or pasture green,
 And waits his coming at the well-known gate.
 Nigh to the stair's ascent, in regal port,
 Sits a majestic dame, whose looks denounce
 Command and sov'reignty ! with haughty air,
 And study'd mien, in semicirc'lar throne
 Enclos'd, she deals around her dread commands: 165
 Behind her (dazzling sight!) in order rang'd,
 Pile above pile, crystalline vessels shine:
 Attendant slaves with eager strides advance,
 And, after homage paid, bawl out aloud
 Words unintelligible, noise confus'd:
 She knows the jargon sounds, and straight describes,
 In characters mysterious, words obscure ;
 More legible are Algebraic signs,
 Or mystic figures by magicians drawn,
 When they invoke th' infernal spirit's aid. 170

Drive hence the rude and barbarous dissonance
 Of savage Thracians and Croatian boors;
 The loud Centaurian broils with Lapithæ
 Sound harsh, and grating to Lenæan god;
 Chase brutal feuds of Belgian skippers hence,
 (Amid their cups whose innate temper's shewn)
 In clumsy fist wielding Scymmetrian knife,
 Who flash each other's eyes, and blubber'd face,

Profaning Bacchanalian solemn rites :
 Music's harmonious numbers better suit 180
 His festivals, from instruments or voice,
 Or Gasperini's hand the trembling string
 Should touch ; or from the dulcet Tuscan dames,
 Or warbling Toft's far more melodious tongue,
 Sweet symphonies should flow : the Delian god
 For airy Bacchus is associate meet.

The stair's ascent now gain'd, our guide unbars
 The door of spacious room, and creaking chairs
 (To ear offensive) round the table sets.
 We sit ; when thus his florid speech begins :
 " Name, Sirs! the wine that most invites your taste;
 " Champagne, or Burgundy, or Florence pure,
 " Or Hock antique, or Lisbon new or old,
 " Bourdeaux, or neat French white, or Alicant."
 For Bourdeaux we with voice unanimous
 Declare (such sympathy's in boon compeers.)
 He quits the room alert, but soon returns ;
 One hand capacious glistening vessels bears
 'Resplendent, th' other, with a grasp secure,
 A bottle (mighty charge! upstaid, full fraught 200
 With goodly wine. He, with extended hand
 Rais'd high, pours forth the sanguine frothy juice,
 O'erspread with bubbles, dissipated soon :
 We straight to arms repair, experienc'd chiefs :
 Now glasses clash with glasses (charming sound!)
 And glorious Anna's health, the first, the best,

Crowns the full glass;---at her inspiring name
The sprightly wine results, and seems to smile:
With hearty zeal, and wish unanimous,
Her health we drink, and in her health our own. 210

A pause ensues: and now with grateful chat
W' improve the interval, and joyous mirth
Engages our rais'd souls; pat repartee,
Or witty joke, our airy senses moves
To pleasant laughter, straight the echoing room
With universal peals and shouts resounds.

The royal Dane, blest consort of the Queen,
Next crowns the ruby'd nectar, all whose bliss
In Anna's plac'd:---with sympathetic flame,
And mutual endearments, all her joys, 220
Like the kind turtle's pure untainted love,
Centre in him, who shares the grateful hearts
Of loyal subjects, with his sov'reign queen;
For by his prudent care united shores
Were sav'd from hostile fleets' invasion dire.

The hero Marlbro' next, whose vast exploits
Fame's clarion sounds; fresh laurels, triumphs new
We wish, like those he won at Hockstetch's field.

Next Devonshire illustrious, who from race
Of noblest patriots sprang, whose worthy soul 230
Is with each fair and virtuous gift adorn'd,
That shone in his most worthy ancestors;
For then distinct in separate breasts were seen
Virtues distinct, but all in him unite.

Prudent Godolphin, of the nation's weal
 Frugal, but free and gen'rous of his own,
 Next crowns the bowl; with faithful Sunderland,
 And Halifax, the Muses' darling son,
 In whom conspicuous, with full lustre, shine
 The surest judgment and the brightest wit, 240
 Himself Mecænas and a Flaccus too:---
 And all the worthies of the British realm,
 In order rang'd, succeed; such healths as tinge
 The dulcet wine with a more charming gust.

Now each his mistress toasts, by whose bright eye
 He's fir'd; Cosmelia fair, or Dulcibell',
 Or Sylvia, comely black, with jetty eyes
 Piercing, or airy Celia, sprightly maid!---
 Insensibly thus flow unnumber'd hours;
 Glass succeeds glass, till the Dircean god 250
 Shines in our eyes, and with his fulgent rays
 Enlightens our glad looks with lovely dye;
 All blithe and jolly, that like Arthur's knights
 Of Rotund Table, fam'd in old records,
 Now most we seem'd---Such is the power of Wine.

Thus we the wing'd hours in harmless mirth
 And joys unsully'd pass, till humid Night
 Has half her race perform'd; now all abroad
 Is hush'd and silent, nor the rumbling noise
 Of coach, or cart, or smoky link-boy's call, 260
 Is heard---but universal silence reigns;
 When we in merry plight, airy and gay,

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Surpris'd to find the hours so swiftly fly,
 With hasty knock, or twang of pendent cord,
 Alarm the drowsy youth from slumb'ring nod;
 Startl'd he flies, and stumbles o'er the stairs
 Erroneous, and with busy knuckles plies
 His yet clung eyelids, and with stagg'ring reel
 Enters confus'd, and mutt'ring asks our wills;
 When we with liberal hand the score discharge, 270
 And homeward each his course with steady step
 Unerring steers, of cares and coin bereft.

THE STORY OF CEPHISA.

IN western climes where the bright god of Day,
 Darts on the gladsome earth a warmer ray,
 While smiling Spring led on the jocund Hours,
 And early months bestrew'd the fields with flow'rs,
 In bloom of youth Cephisa, lovely maid!
 Trac'd the wide lawns, and thro' the forests stray'd;
 Not all the nymphs who swell Diana's train,
 From Cynthus' top, when issuing on the plain,
 With hound and horn they raise the cheerful cry,
 And the rocks echo and the floods reply; 10
 Not all their train for beauty could compare,
 Their goddess' self scarce like Cephisa fair.
 Struck with the sight of such transcendent charms,
 With gifts the shepherds woo'd her to their arms.

The am'rous toys no grace nor favour gain'd;
 The gifts and givers she alike disdain'd,
 Resolv'd in happy solitude to rove
 A sylvan huntress thro' the leafy grove.

But envious Fate the nymph no respite gives,
 In ev'ry heart her lov'd idea lives; 20
 E'en Pan himself with ardent passion fir'd,
 The God of Woods, the woodland nymph desir'd;
 Still as he views, he pants to clasp the maid,
 And, softly sighing to himself, he said;
 "O happy Winds! which kiss that snowy breast,
 "O happy Garments! which those limbs invest;
 "But happier he who gains so rich a prize,
 "Pants in those arms, and on that bosom dies!"

Thus he;---the nymph far other loves employ,
 The chase her glory, and the woods her joy; 30
 Oft' as the god is present to her sight,
 So oft' the nymph prepares for sudden flight,
 Eludes his search, swift skimming o'er the lawn,
 As from the beagle flies the bounding fawn.

A bow'r there was a close sequester'd shade,
 By poplar boughs and twining osiers made,
 Fast by whose side a crystal fountain flow'd,
 (The banks with flow'rs of various colours glow'd)
 Here oft' at noon the weary fair reclin'd
 To court the coolness of the gentle wind; 40
 For here soft zephyr with a grateful breeze
 Kiss'd the young plants, and whisper'd thro' the trees.

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It chanc'd that Pan had mark'd the pebbl'd bed,
 Where the stream issu'd from its fountain-head,
 Thence pouring on, thro' mossy windings roll'd,
 O'er fertile tracks, and sands that glow'd with gold;
 Its course the god with curious search pursu'd,
 Till pleas'd, at length, the fragrant bow'r he view'd;
 But far more pleas'd the beauteous nymph survey'd,
 Stretch'd at her ease beneath the cooling shade. 50
 His near approach the pensive nymph alarms,
 Who rises hasty, with disorder'd charms,
 Springs from her covert like the tim'rous hare,
 And, flying, fills with shrieks the ambient air.
 With wings of love Pan urges on the course;
 Fear lends her strength, while Love supplies his force.
 Yet oft' the god, in the mid chase, delays,
 Stops short of conquest, and submissive prays;
 "O Thou!" he cries, "the loveliest of thy kind,
 "Why fly'st thou thus, and leav'st thy love behind?
 "No savage foe, no plunderer, is near, 61
 "Nor mountain-robber with his dreadful spear;
 "Nor mean am I, tho' woods my lineage claim,
 "My sire immortal, and myself the same;
 "Nor on the crook nor plough do I depend,
 "Nor on the mountain's top a scanty flock attend;—
 "Pan is my name;---the herds on yonder plains
 "My herbage fattens and my care sustains;
 "To me the woodland empire is decreed;
 "I claim th' invention of the vocal reed; 70
 Gay.] Q ij

" Yet vain these arts, these gifts in vain bestow'd,
 " Great as I am, and worshipp'd as a god,
 " If thou, bright Nymph! with coyness and disdain
 " Repay thy lover, and deride his pain."

Thus urg'd the sylvan god his am'rous pray'r,
 But all his words were lost in empty air.
 With double speed the nymph her course renew'd,
 With double speed the ravisher pursu'd;
 O'er hills and dales they hold the rapid race,
 Till, spent at length, and weary'd with the chase, 80
 With secret dread she views the sun descend,
 And Twilight o'er the earth her veil extend;
 For now the swift pursuer nearer drew,
 And almost touch'd her garments as she flew;
 Wheel'd as she wheel'd, on every footstep gain'd,
 And no relief nor glimpse of hope remain'd.
 Fast by a stream an ancient altar stood,
 And close behind it rose a wavy wood,
 Whose twining boughs exclude the parting light,
 And dusky shades anticipate the night, 90
 Thither, collecting all her force, she flies,
 And, " Oh! whatever god," the damsel cries,
 " Protects this altar, may that gen'rous pow'r
 " Hear and relieve me in this dang'rous hour;
 " Give me at least to save my spotless fame,
 " And still in death preserve a virgin's name."

While thus to unknown pow'rs Cephisa pray'd,
 Victorious Pan o'ertook the fainting maid:

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Around her waist his eager arms he throws,
 With love and joy his throbbing bosom glows; 100
 When, wonderful to tell, her form receives
 A verdant cov'ring of expanded leaves;
 Then shooting downward trembling to the ground,
 A fibrous root her slender ancles bound.
 Strange to herself, as yet, aghast she stands,
 And to high Heav'n she rears her spotless hands;
 These while she spreads them still in spires extend,
 Till in small leaves her taper fingers end:
 Her voice she tries, but utt'rance is deny'd
 The smother'd sounds in hollow murmurs dy'd. 110
 At length, quite chang'd, the god with wonder view'd
 A beauteous plant arising where she stood;
 This from his touch, with human sense inspir'd,
 Indignant shrinking, of itself retir'd:
 Yet Pan attends it with a lover's cares,
 And fost'ring aid with tender hand prepares;
 The new-form'd plant reluctant seems to yield,
 And lives the grace and glory of the field.
 But still, as mindful of her former state,
 The nymph's perfections on her change await, 120
 And tho' transform'd, her virtue still remains,
 No touch impure her sacred plant sustains,
 From whence the name of Sensitive it gains.
 This oft the nymphs approach with secret dread,
 While crimson blushes o'er their cheeks are spread;

Yet the true virgin has no cause for fear,
 The test is equal if the maid's sincere.
 This in thy walks, O-----, is found,
 Thy walks, for virgins fair and chaste renown'd:
 This from the mild Hesperian clime convey'd, 130
 Shall ever bloom, O W-----! in thy shade;
 Yet western nymphs thy wondrous tree avoid,
 Lest all their hopes be by a touch destroy'd.
 Britannia's daughters no such terrors know;
 With no lewd flames their spotless bosoms glow:
 Tho' ev'ry shrub our cultur'd gardens boast,
 And all of foreign stock, a countless host,
 Should all at once the precious gift receive,
 And ev'ry plant become a Sensitive,
 Yet should their fame the dreadful trial stand, 140
 And add new honours to their native land;
 Honours their latest progeny shall share,
 For ever virtuous, as for ever fair. 144

PROLOGUE.

DESIGNED FOR THE PASTORAL TRAGEDY OF DIONE.

THERE was a time (O were those days renew'd!)
 Ere tyrant laws had woman's will subdu'd;
 Then Nature rul'd, and Love, devoid of art,
 Spoke the consenting language of the heart.
 Love uncontroll'd! insipid, poor delight!
 'Tis the restraint that whets our appetite.

Behold the beasts who range the forests free,
Behold the birds who fly from tree to tree;
In their amour's see Nature's power appear!
And do they love? Yes---One month in the year.
Were these the pleasures of the Golden reign? 11
And did free Nature thus instruct the swain?
I envy not, ye Nymphs! your am'rous bowers,
Such harmless swains!---I'm e'en content with ours.
But yet there's something in these sylvan scenes
That tells our fancy what the lover means;
Name but the mossy bank and moon-light grove,
Is there a heart that does not beat with love?

To-night we treat you with such country fare,
Then for your lover's sake our Author spare. 20
He draws no Hemskirk boors or home-bred clowns,
But the soft shepherds of Arcadia's downs.

When Paris on the three his judgment past,
I hope you'll own the shepherd show'd his taste:
And Jove, all know, was a good judge of beauty,
Who made the nymph Calisto break her duty:
Then was the country nymph no awkward thing.
See what strange revolutions time can bring!

Yet still, methinks, our Author's fate I dread;
Were it not safer beaten paths to tread 30
Of Tragedy, than o'er wild heaths to stray,
And, seeking strange adventures, lose his way?
No trumpets' clangor makes his heroine start,
And tears the soldier from her bleeding heart;

He, foolish Bard ! nor pomp nor show regards ;
 Without the witness of a hundred guards
 His lovers sigh their vows---if sleep should take ye,
 He has no battle, no loud drum, to wake ye.
 What, no such shifts ? there's danger in't, 'tis true :
 Yet spare him, as he gives you something new. 40

THE LAMENTATION OF GLUMDALCLITCH

FOR THE

LOSS OF GRILDRIG.

A PASTORAL.

SOON as Glumdalclitch miss'd her pleasing care,
 She wept, she blubber'd, and she tore her hair.
 No British miss sincerer grief has known,
 Her squirrel missing, or her sparrow flown.
 She furl'd her sampler, and haul'd in her thread,
 And stuck her needle into Grildrig's bed ;
 Then spread her hands, and with a bounce let fall
 Her baby, like the giant in Guildhall.
 In peals of thunder now she roars, and now
 She gently whimpers like a lowing cow : 10
 Yet lovely in her sorrow still appears,
 Her locks dishevell'd, and her flood of tears
 Seem like the lofty barn of some rich swain,
 When from the thatch drips fast a show'r of rain.

In vain she search'd each cranny of the house,
Each gaping chink, impervious to a mouse.
“ Was it for this,” she cry'd, “ with daily care
Within thy reach I set the vinegar,
And fill'd the cruet with the acid tide,
While pepper-water worms thy bait supply'd, 20
Where twin'd the silver eel around thy hook,
And all the little monsters of the brook ?
Sure in that lake he dropt : my Grilly's drown'd.”---
She dragg'd the cruet, but no Grildrig found.

“ Vain is thy courage, Grilly ! vain thy boast ;
But little creatures enterprise the most.
Trembling I 'ave seen thee dare the kitten's paw,
Nay, mix with children as they play'd at taw,
Nor fear'd the marbles as they bounding flew ;
Marbles to them, but rolling rocks to you. 30

“ Why did I trust thee with that giddy youth !
Who from a page can ever learn the truth ?
Vers'd in court-tricks, that money-loving boy
To some lord's daughter sold the living toy,
Or rent him limb from limb, in cruel play,
As children tear the wings of flies away.
From place to place o'er Brobdingnag I'll roam,
And never will return, or bring thee home.
But who hath eyes to trace the passing wind ?
How then thy fairy footsteps can I find ? 40
Dost thou bewilder'd wander all alone,
In the green thicket of a mossy stone,

Or tumbld from the toadstool's slippery round,
 Perhaps all maim'd, lie grovelling on the ground?
 Dost thou imbosom'd in the lovely rose,
 Or sunk within the peach's down repose?
 Within the king-cup if thy limbs are spread,
 Or in the golden cowslip's velvet head;
 O shew me, Flora! 'midst those sweets, the flow'r
 Where sleeps my Grildrig in his fragrant bow'r! 50

“ But, ah! I fear thy little fancy roves
 On little females and on little loves;
 Thy pigmy children, and thy tiny spouse,
 The baby playthings that adorn thy house,
 Doors, windows, chimnies, and the spacious rooms
 Equal in size to cells of honeycombs.

Hast thou for these now ventur'd from the shore,
 Thy bark a bean-shell, and a straw thy oar?
 Or in thy box now bounding on the main,
 Shall I ne'er bear thyself and house again? 60
 And shall I set thee on my hand no more,
 To see thee leap the lines, and traverse o'er
 My spacious palm? of stature scarce a span,
 Mimic the actions of a real man?
 No more behold thee turn my watch's key,
 As seamen at a capstern anchors weigh?
 How wast thou wont to walk with cautious tread,
 A dish of tea, like milkpail, on thy head?
 How chase the mite that bore thy cheese away,
 And keep the rolling maggot at a bay.

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She said; but broken accents stopt her voice,
 Soft as the speaking-trumpet's mellow noise:
 She sobb'd a storm, and wip'd her flowing eyes,
 Which seem'd like two broad suns in misty skies!--
 O! squander not thy grief; those tears command
 To weep upon our cod in Newfoundland;
 The plenteous pickle shall preserve the fish,
 And Europe taste thy sorrows in a dish.

MARY GULLIVER,

TO CAPT. LEMUEL GULLIVER.

The Argument.

The Captain, some time after his return, being retired to Mr. Sympson's in the country. Mrs. Gulliver apprehending, from his late behaviour, some estrangement of his affections, writes him the following expostulating, soothing, and tenderly-complaining Epistle.

WELCOME, thrice welcome, to thy native place!
 What, touch me not? What shun a wife's embrace?
 Have I for this thy tedious absence borne,
 And wak'd and wish'd whole nights for thy return?
 In five long years I took no second spouse;
 What Rother hithe wife so long hath kept her vows?
 Your eyes, your nose inconstancy betray;
 Your nose you stop, your eyes you turn away.
 'Tis said that thou shouldst cleave unto thy wife;
 Once thou didst cleave, and I could cleave for life. To
 Hear, and relent! hark, how thy children moan;
 Be kind at least to these, they are thy own:

Be bold, and count them all, secure to find
 The honest number that you left behind.
 See how they pat thee with their pretty paws :
 Why start you ? are they snakes ? or have they claws ?
 Thy Christian seed, our mutual flesh and bone ;
 Be kind at least to these, they are thy own.

Biddel *, like thee, might farthest India rove ;
 He chang'd his country, but retains his love. 20
 There's Captain Pannell, absent half his life,
 Comes back, and is the kinder to his wife ;
 Yet Pannell's wife is brown compar'd to me,
 And Mistress Biddel sure is fifty-three.

Not touch me ! never neighbour call'd me Slut :
 Was Flimnap's dame more sweet in Lilliput ?
 I've ho red hair to breathe an odious fume ;
 At least thy consort's cleaner than thy groom.
 Why then that dirty stable-boy thy care ?
 What mean those visits to the sorrel mare ? 30
 Say, by what witchcraft, or what demon led,
 Preferr'st thou litter to the marriage-bed ?

Some say the dev'l himself is in that mare :
 If so, our Dean shall drive him forth by pray'r.
 Some think you mad, some think you are possest,
 That Bedlam and clean straw will suit you best.
 Vain means, alas ! this frenzy to appease :
 That straw, that straw would heighten the disease.

* Names of the sea captains mentioned in *Gulliver's Travels*.

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My bed (the scene of all our former joys,
 Witness two lovely girls, two lovely boys) 40
 Alone I press: in dreams I call my dear,
 I stretch my hand; no Gulliver is there!
 I wake, I rise; and, shiv'ring with the frost,
 Search all the house: my Gulliver is lost!
 Forth in the streets I rush with frantic cries;
 The windows open: all the neighbours rise:
 Where sleeps my Gulliver? O tell me where!
 The neighbours answer "With the sorrel mare."

At early morn' I to the market haste,
 (Studious in ev'ry thing to please thy taste) 50
 A curious fowl and 'sparagus I chuse,
 (For I remember'd you were fond of those)
 Three shillings cost the first, the last seven groats;
 Sullen you turn from both, and call for oats.

Others bring goods and treasure to their houses,
 Something to deck their pretty babes and spouses;
 My only token was a cup like horn,
 That's made of nothing but a lady's corn.
 'Tis not for that I grieve; no, 'tis to see
 The groom and sorrel mare preferr'd to me; 60

These for some moments when you deign to quit,
 And (at due distance) sweet discourse admit,
 'Tis all my pleasure thy past toil to know,
 For pleas'd remembrance builds delight on woe.
 At ev'ry danger pants thy consort's breast,
 And gaping infants squall to hear the rest

How did I tremble when, by thousands bound,
 I saw thee stretch'd on Lilliputian ground?
 When scaling armies climb'd up ev'ry part,
 Each step they trod I felt upon my heart: 70
 But when thy torrent quench'd the dreadful blaze,
 King, queen, and nation, staring with amaze,
 Full in my view how all my husband came!
 And what extinguish'd theirs increas'd my flame.
 Those spectacles, ordain'd thine eyes to save,
 Were once my present; Love that armour gave.
 How did I mourn at Bolgolam's decree!
 For when he sign'd thy death he sentenc'd me.

When folks might see thee all the country round
 For sixpence, I'd have giv'n a thousand pound. 80
 Lord! when that giant babe that head of thine
 Got in his mouth, my heart was up in mine!
 When in the marrow-bone I saw thee ramm'd,
 Or on the house-top by the monkey cramm'd,
 The piteous images renew my pain,
 And all thy dangers I weep o'er again.
 But on the maiden's nipple when you rid,
 Pray Heav'n 'twas all a wanton maiden did!
 Glumdalclitch too!---with thee I mourn her case;
 Heav'n guard the gentle girl from all disgrace! 90
 O may the king that one neglect forgive,
 And pardon her the fault by which I live!
 Was there no other way to set him free?
 My life, alas! I fear prov'd death to thee.

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O teach me, Dear! new words to speak my flame!
 Teach me to woo thee by thy best-lov'd name;
 Whether the stile of Gildrig please the most,
 So call'd on Brobdingnag's stupendous coast,
 When on the monarch's ample hand you sate,
 And hallow'd in his ear intrigues of state, 100
 Or Quinbus Flestrin more endearment brings,
 When like a mountain you look down on kings;
 If ducal Nardack, Lilliputian peer,
 Or Glumglum's humbler title sooth thy ear;
 Nay, would kind Jove my organs so dispose,
 To hymn harmonious Houyhnhym thro' the nose,
 I'd call thee Houyhnhym, that high sounding name,
 Thy children's noses all should twang the same;
 So might I find my loving spouse of course
 Endu'd with all the virtues of a horse. 110

TO QUINBUS FLESTRIN,
 THE MAN-MOUNTAIN.

A LILLIPUTIAN ODE.

IN amaze
 Lost, I gaze.
 Can our eyes
 Reach thy size?
 May my lays
 Swell with praise

Gay.]

R ij

Worthy thee!
 Worthy me!
 Muse, inspire
 All thy fire!
 Bards of old
 Of him told,
 When they said
 Atlas' head
 Propt the skies.
 See and believe your eyes!

11.

See him stride
 Vallies wide;
 Over woods,
 Over floods;
 When he treads,
 Mountains' heads
 Groan and shake:
 Armies quake,
 Lest his spurn
 Overturn
 Man and steed.

20

Troops, take heed;
 Left and right
 Speed your flight,
 Lest an host
 Beneath his foot be lost.

111.

Turn'd aside
 From his hide

Safe from wound,
 Darts rebound,
 From his nose
 Clouds he blows!
 When he speaks,
 Thunder breaks!
 When he eats,
 Famine threats!
 When he drinks,
 Neptune shrinks!
 Nigh thy ear,
 In mid air,
 On thy hand
 Let me stand,
 So shall I

(Lofty Poet!) touch the sky.

50

THE MAN-MOUNTAIN'S ANSWER
 TO THE
 LILLIPUTIAN VERSES.

LITTLE Thing!
 I would sing
 Lofty song,
 Measure long;
 But I fear
 That thine ear
 Such a poem could not bear:

R iij

Therefore I
 Mean to try
 Humbler lays
 Worthy praise.
 If my strains
 Work'd thee pains,
 'Tis not mine
 To divine
 Whether cost,
 Labour lost,

10

May on Lilliput be tost.
 Horse and foot
 Would you put
 In the way,
 Who could say
 I had blame,
 If they came

20

Near my stride,
 And beside
 My huge foot gigantic dy'd?
 But while here

I appear
 Mountain-size
 To little eyes,
 All that strain,
 Seek in vain,
 Whilst I climb,
 Heights sublime,

30

To keep pace,
And to trace
My footsteps, as I move with martial grace.

Tho' 'tis true

Praise is due

40

To your lay,

Yet I pray

You'll attend

To a friend.

On my hand'

Should you stand,

If those that soar

Fall the low'r,

All Lilliput would your's deplore.

Humbly then,

50

With little men,

Take your stand

On firm land,

Lest your place

Bring disgrace:

High in air,

Great the care,

To be free

From jeopardy,

Careless found,

60

You might bound,

Little poet! to the ground.

62

VERSES

TO BE PLACED UNDER THE

PICTURE OF SIR R---- B----,

ENGLAND'S ARCH-POET ;

Containing a complete Catalogue of his Works.

SEE who ne'er was, nor will be half read ;
 Who first sang Arthur, (a) then sang Alfred ; (b)
 Prais'd great Eliza (c) in God's anger,
 Till all true Englishmen cry'd, Hang her !
 Made William's virtues wipe the bare a---
 And hang'd up Marlborough in arras ; (d)
 Then hiss'd from earth, grew heav'nly quite ;
 Made ev'ry reader curse the light ; (e)
 Maul'd human wit in one thick satire, (f)
 Next, in three books, spoil'd human nature. (g) 10
 Undid creation (b) at a jirk,
 And of redemption (i) made damn'd work.

(a) Two heroic poems, in folio, twenty books.

(b) Heroic poem, in twelve books.

(c) Heroic poem, in folio, ten books.

(d) Instructions to Vanderbank, a tapestry weaver.

(e) Hymn to the light.

(f) Satire against wit.

(g) Of the nature of man.

(b) Creation, a poem, in seven books.

(i) The Redeemer, another heroic poem, in six books.

Then took his Muse at once and dipt her
Full in the middle of the Scripture.

What wonders there the man grown old did!

Sternhold himself he out Sternholded;

Made David (*k*) seem so mad and freakish,

All thought him just what thought King Achish.

No mortal read his Solomon, (*l*)

But judg'd Re'boam his own son. 20

Moses he serv'd as Moses Pharaoh,

And Deborah, as she Siserah: (*m*)

Made Jeremy (*n*) full sore to cry,

And Job (*o*) himself curse God and die.

What punishment all this must follow?

Shall Arthur use him like King Tollow?

Shall David as Uriah slay him?

Or dext'rous Deb'rah Siserah-him?

Or shall Eliza lay a plot,

To treat him like her sister Scot? 30

Shall William dub his better end, (*p*)

Or Marlbro' serve him like a friend?

No!---none of these!---Heav'n spare his life!

But send him, honest Job! thy wife.

(*k*) Translation of all the Psalms.

(*l*) Canticles and Ecclesiastes.

(*m*) Paraphrase of the Canticles of Moses and Deborah, &c.

(*n*) The Lamentations.

(*o*) The whole book of Job, a poem, in folio.

(*p*) Kick him on the breech, not knight him on the shoulder.

A CONTEMPLATION

ON NIGHT.

WHETHER amid the gloom of Night I stray
Or my glad eyes enjoy revolving day,
Still Nature's various face informs my sense
Of an all-wise, all-pow'rful Providence.

When the gay sun first breaks the shades of Night,
And strikes the distant eastern hills with light,
Colour returns, the plains their liv'ry wear,
And a bright verdure clothes the smiling year;
The blooming flow'rs with op'ning beauties glow,
And grazing flocks their milky fleeces show, 10
The barren cliffs with chalky fronts arise,
And a pure azure arches o'er the skies.
But when the gloomy reign of Night returns,
Strip'd of her fading pride, all Nature mourns:
The trees no more their wonted verdure boast,
But weep in dewy tears their beauty lost:
No distant landscapes draw our curious eyes,
Wrapt in Night's robe the whole creation lies:
Yet still, ev'n now while darkness clothes the land,
We view the traces of th' Almighty hand; 20
Millions of stars in heav'n's wide vault appear,
And with new glories hang the boundless sphere:
The silver moon her western couch forsakes,
And o'er the skies her nightly circle makes;
Her solid globe beats back the sunny rays,
And to the world her borrow'd light repays.

Whether those stars that twinkling lustre send
Are suns, and rolling worlds those suns attend,
Man may conjecture, and new schemes declare,
Yet all his systems but conjectures are ; 30
But this we know, that heav'n's eternal King,
Who bid this universe from nothing spring,
Can at his word bid num'rous worlds appear,
And rising worlds th' all-pow'rful word shall hear.

When to the western main the sun descends,
To other lands a rising day he lends :
The spreading dawn another shepherd spies,
The wakeful flocks from their warm folds arise ;
Refresh'd, the peasant seeks his early toil,
And bids the plough correct the fallow soil. 40
While we in Sleep's embraces waste the night,
The climes oppos'd enjoy meridian light ;
And when those lands the busy sun forsakes,
With us again the rosy Morning wakes :
In lazy sleep the night rolls swift away,
And neither clime laments his absent ray.

When the pure soul is from the body flown,
No more shall Night's alternate reign be known ;
The sun no more shall rolling light bestow,
But from th' Almighty streams of glory flow. 50
Oh ! may some nobler thought my soul employ,
Than empty, transient, sublunary joy.
The stars shall drop, the sun shall lose his flame,
But thou, O God ! for ever shine the same. 54

A THOUGHT

ON ETERNITY.

Ere the foundations of the world were laid,
 Ere kindling light th' Almighty word obey'd,
 Thou wert; and when the subterraneous flame
 Shall burst its prison, and devour this frame,
 From angry heav'n when the keen lightning flies;
 When fervent heat dissolves the melting skies,
 Thou still shalt be; still as thou wert before,
 And know no change, when time shall be no more.
 O endless thought! divine Eternity!
 Th' immortal soul shares but a part of thee; 10
 For thou wert present when our life began,
 When the warm dust shot up in breathing man.

Ah! what is life? with ills encompass'd round;
 Amidst our hopes Fate strikes the sudden wound.
 To-day the statesman of new honour dreams,
 To-morrow death destroys his airy schemes.
 Is mouldy treasure in thy chest confin'd?
 Think all that treasure thou must leave behind;
 Thy heir with smiles shall view thy blazon'd hearse,
 And all thy hoards with lavish hand disperse. 20
 Should certain Fate th' impending blow delay,
 Thy mirth will sicken, and thy bloom decay;
 Then feeble age will all thy nerves disarm,
 No more thy blood its narrow channels warm.

Who then would wish to stretch this narrow span,
To suffer life beyond the date of man ?

The virtuous soul pursues a nobler aim,
And life regards but as a fleeting dream :
She longs to wake, and wishes to get free,
To lanch from earth into eternity :
For while the boundless theme extends our thought,
Ten thousand thousand rolling years are nought.

EPITAPH

OF BY-WORDS.

HERE lies a round woman, who thought mighty odd
Ev'ry word she e'er heard in this church about God :
To convince her of God the good Dean did endeavour,
But still in her heart she held Nature more clever.
Tho' he talk'd much of virtue, her head always run
Upon something or other she found better fun :
For the dame, by her skill in affairs astronomical,
Imagin'd, to live in the clouds was but comical.
In this world she despis'd ev'ry soul she met here,
And now she's in th' other, she thinks it but queer.

MY OWN EPITAPH.

LIFE is a jest, and all things show it ;
I thought so once, but now I know it.

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